

The Leader.

"The one Idea which History exhibits as evermore developing itself into greater distinctness is the Idea of Humanity—the noble endeavour to throw down all the barriers erected between men by prejudice and one-sided views; and by setting aside the distinctions of Religion, Country, and Colour, to treat the whole Human race as one brotherhood, having one great object—the free development of our spiritual nature."—*Humboldt's Cosmos.*

Contents:

NEWS OF THE WEEK—

	PAGE
The Week in Parliament	770
The Nation's Fleet	772
The Camp	774
Our own Eastern Questions	774
Letters from Paris	774
Continental Notes	775
Christianity in Broken China	776
Alleged Sale of Indian Patronage	776
The Wondrous Tale of "Smith"	776
Honour to George Dawson	777
Convocation	777

Heroine-Worship	777
Marriages, Young and Old	777
Curiosities of Justice	778
Criminal Record	778
The Working Classes	778
Miscellaneous	778
PUBLIC AFFAIRS—	
Rationale of Government, not by	
Bentham	780
The Lords and the Combination Law	780
England as she is Represented in	
Paris	781

The Indignant Virtue of the Bar	781
How Justice may be Mauled	782
The Manners of the People	782
"A Stranger" in Parliament	782
The Emperor of the Clyde.—New	
Social Movement in Glasgow	783

LITERATURE—

The Development Hypothesis of the	
"Vestiges"	785
The Story of Mont Blanc	786

PORTFOLIO—

Bits of my Boyhood	786
--------------------------	-----

THE ARTS—

Royal Italian Opera	789
---------------------------	-----

Health of London during the Week	790
Births, Marriages, and Deaths	790

COMMERCIAL AFFAIRS—

City Intelligence, Markets, Adver-	
tisements, &c.	790-792

VOL. IV. No. 177.]

SATURDAY, AUGUST 13, 1853.

[PRICE SIXPENCE.]

News of the Week.

IF any doubt existed as to the power of England to recover her influence abroad, one convincing form of that power was exhibited to England and her visitors, at Spithead, on Thursday. The world has never seen such a fleet as was there assembled, of twenty-five ships, more than half of them screw steamers, and the rest, save three ships of the line, steamers of the old-fashion construction—all engined, equipped with the newest improvements, and almost as different in all those respects from an old fleet, as a modern gun is from an old bow and arrow. The State was present in the person of the Queen, with several of her Ministers. The Parliament was there bodily, in two ships of war. And even during war-time, Portsmouth was never so crowded as it was by sight-seers of every description, numbers of them following the fleet out to sea in steamers and yachts. Amongst the visitors were foreigners of distinction, including the Russian Princesses, who might well convey to their father the impressions of the day, warning him that if he could make a stand on shore with his hordes of Cossacks, on the ocean he would only encounter England to break to pieces before her strength.

It is possible that this national spectacle, employed somewhat sooner, might have expedited the Emperor's determination in favour of peace with Turkey, or, to express it more accurately, his tardy resignation to the law of Europe. He might, indeed, even now, from the diplomatic appearances, think that he could set off against the power of England and her navy, the tendency of her statesmen to shrink back from any resolute course. The actual state of the negotiations is far from satisfactory, at least, to those who stand outside, and are not in the secret. The Emperor, it is said, has agreed to the form of a reconciliation with Turkey; and the report is, that it is to be after this fashion—Redschid Pacha will write a courteous note to Count Nesselrode, expressing the respect of the Sultan for the Emperor, describing the benevolent intentions of the Sultan towards his Christian subjects, and enclosing the firmans that have been issued in reference to this affair. The proposal was transmitted from Vienna on the 2nd of this month, to St. Petersburg and Constantinople, simultaneously; and of course the Emperor's reply is not yet known. It will probably reach Constantinople on the 20th, and it is calculated that the Russian troops will have left the Principalities by the 10th of September.

It appears to us, however, that this is reckoning rather too fast. What the Emperor has expressed his assent to is, the Austrian sketch of the joint proposition. It is very likely that the joint proposition so far resembles the Austrian sketch, that the Emperor's assent to the one implies his assent to the other; but it is generally understood that no allusion to the Principalities, or their evacuation, was made in the joint proposition, and very probable accounts represent the omission as made at the instance of Austria, lest the allusion should offend the Czar. This places the question in a very curious light. A joint proposition with no sting in it is presented to the Emperor from Austria, France, England, and Prussia; but in accordance with what Lord Clarendon said on Monday night, in the House of Lords, a demand is made upon the Emperor, apparently in the name of the Four Powers, but chiefly at the instance of France and England, to withdraw his troops from the Principalities immediately and completely, the demand being made as "a *sine qua non* in any agreement with Russia." It is not to be forgotten that this demand is followed up by Lord Clarendon's demand for explanations on the late proceedings of Russia in Moldavia and Wallachia. And even if Bulgaria has not been invaded, or the tribute withheld, quite sufficient has been done in the Principalities to justify Lord Clarendon's demand of an account. These are grounds for imperial obstinacy, and unless the Duchess of Leuchtenberg sends a letter sufficiently in time to warn the Emperor against rashness, it would not surprise us if he should, after all, spurn with resentment the accompaniments to the condition which he has accepted in the sketch.

From the extreme East, we have the telegraphic announcement that the Burmese King has become "more submissive," has ordered that the British troops be not molested, has released the prisoners, and has left the British in possession of the places they occupy. It has been the policy of the Burman Court to alternate fair speaking with treacherous surprises, and we have not yet enough information to make us confident of having escaped from the vicious circle.

The revolution appears to make way in China. The latest accounts transmitted to this country seem to be marked by several inaccuracies, but not of a worse kind than might creep into the statement of an honest writer, witnessing things with his own eyes, and not perfectly aware of their contexts. According to these accounts, "the Great Tranquillity," who heads this revolution, is a pupil of Mr. Roberts, a missionary at Canton.

The Chinese are "followers of Jesus," although perhaps not so accomplished in doctrinal, or precise knowledge, as to justify reckoning them amongst any particular sect: they are Chinese Christians, not European, and like many nearer home, they are adapting the principles of Christianity to their own circumstances; as when, for example, they make the Seventh Commandment include opium smoking. The extent to which they have obtained possession of the country is doubtful. By the news it might appear, either that they had not yet reached Nankin, or that they had passed it by four days' journey, but it is evident that their influence is felt over the greater part of the country, from Canton to Nankin.

We notice attempts to soften the late accounts of the intrigues and slow-moving *coup d'état* in Denmark. It is represented that the *Lex regia* constituted Denmark an arbitrary monarchy; that the succession is provided for by the convention of London, and that Russia had waived her pretensions in acceding to that convention. Our own readers will be able to estimate the statement, by reference to two explanations which we gave in the two preceding numbers. The *Lex regia* regulate the succession, rather than the constitution of the country; and the Danes dislike its abrogation, because that would remove many claims that stand before the Russian "remainder," to the Danish throne. The Duke of Glucksburgh's children are sickly, and his succession may fail. The stipulation that, in such case, another convention shall be held by the same powers as were parties to the last, might accidentally fall to the ground; and then, in the absence of the *Lex regia*, the Russian family would walk in. If the *lex* were left standing, other claimants might appear. It cannot be for any English interest to blink this question. Under the semblance of disinterested backwardness Russia is really pushing her own interests; and the royal family of Denmark is subservient. The interests of Russia alone can be promoted by concealing the truth.

Parliament has passed into that multifarious and hurried stage of its existence, when it discusses little, and agrees to much. Lord John had robbed the "bores" of their beloved Tuesdays, which have not proved so "plentiful" as Lord Palmerston thought; and this week he took away their Wednesday still more beloved, much to the disgust of Mr. Newdegate, who wanted to fire popguns at the Roman Catholics. But there have been some exceptions to the rule of tongueless acquiescence. The expected measures for the

reform of the land tenure in Ireland, so elaborately prepared by Mr. Napier, so shabbily opposed by his quondam colleague, Lord Malmesbury, so generously taken up by Ministers, have been read a second time and abandoned, upon the understanding that next session they shall be revised and passed. It is not a little remarkable that the incoherence between the members of the late Ministry increases. Mr. Disraeli did not show fight on the Succession-duty Bill; Sir John Pakington and the congenial Malmesbury did. Mr. Napier is anxious to pass his Land Tenure Bills; but Lord Malmesbury, his late colleague, acting under Lord Derby's orders, blocks the way.

The India Bill, not without some mutilation from the persevering efforts of Lord Ellenborough, has passed through nearly all its stages. Odd is the fortune of amendments. Sir John Pakington puts an end to the salt monopoly; Lord Ellenborough strikes out Sir John's clause, and renews the monopoly; so that the unpopular Governor-general will be more unpopular in India than ever.

The Charitable Trusts Bill has passed. Durham is fatal to Lord John Russell. It is the Bishop of Durham who keeps back his income from the Ecclesiastical Commissioners; it was to that notorious prelate that Lord John wrote a famous letter; it is in trying to get the University of Durham from the exemption clause of the Charitable Trusts Bill, that Lord John got his Government beaten by ten majority. He has however succeeded in exempting the Roman Catholic trusts from the bill for two years. This exemption is necessary as otherwise a great many trusts, partly dedicated to "superstitious uses" would be illegal. The law of superstitious uses therefore will be amended. Some progress has been made by Lord Palmerston towards clearing the London atmosphere of smoke, and executing indispensable drainage; while Government prepares a plan for representative Government in the metropolis. The Transportation Bill is making sure advances. The last Committee of Supply has been taken; and to-day Ministers eat white bait at Greenwich.

Beyond Parliament, there is little doing—except of the naval and military order. Mrs. Chisholm has had an ovation, and the Christians of the London Tavern have offered her their heroine worship, and several hundred pounds. The faintest political agitation ripples the calm of Palace-yard, in the shape of a Committee to get a reduction of the wine duty, who are going to fight under the banner of Mr. Oliveira. And the Bishop of Durham has defended himself from the charge of deceiving the Ecclesiastical Commission, by boldly asserting, in a charge to his clergy, that the railways bred a surplus over the sum fixed by the Commissioners, which he kept back for his own private works of charity.

But the records of justice have supplied a trial which, with the fleet, has divided the public curiosity. A stupendous trial, beginning with the romance of an early lost and late discovered son of a deceased baronet, supporting his claim to great property by documents, seals, jewellery, portraits, respectable witnesses, and a marvellous tale—and ending in the most complete substantiation of conspiracy—forgery—perjury! The case of Smith, *alias* Provis, *alias* "Sir Richard Hugh Smyth," will take rank among the *causes célèbres* of criminal history.

The London City police have held an interview with Mr. Commissioner Harvey, to ask for a rise of wages, and they have represented that they cannot support their families respectably, on the sums allowed, now that provisions and rent are rising. The Commissioner favoured them with a little essay on political economy, representing that the price of wages does not depend upon the price of provisions or rent, but upon supply and demand. However, he was in favour rather of reducing the force, and raising its pay: an idea which is, perhaps, superior

to his political economy. The policemen, even by his own description of their duties, as *thoughtful* servants, are not like ordinary labourers, but they stand in the light, to use an apparent Irishism, of private servants to the public; and it is as reasonable for them to ask for pay, in proportion to the price of food and lodging, as it is to increase the army vote, when its commissariat and barrack expenses are enhanced. One principle upon which we have insisted, however, was proved by this meeting. Mr. Harvey met the men in a fair, straightforward, and friendly spirit, and he found the natural return. When he asked the men if they intended to resign on refusal of their demand, they replied—"They should do nothing so disrespectful to him or to the City." We counsel them to do nothing disrespectful either to Mr. Harvey or to the City, and not to resign if they can avoid it. But we do say that their demand is justified both on their own ground, and on the ground of the general rise in the value of labour.

One proof of that is the surrender of the manufacturers at Stockport, with every reason to avoid surrendering.

It has been a custom of employers to assure the working hands that strikes invariably fail. During the present year the experience of the men has refuted that dogmatic presumption; and the obstinate resistance of the masters being at last overcome, exhibits the fact of the very strong power on the side of the working hands. We have already shown that these wages movements are continued. The grand thing is, we repeat, even for the twentieth time, that the working hands should ascertain the *facts* upon which they act, and make no demands that they cannot enforce.

THE WEEK IN PARLIAMENT.

RUSSIA.

THE oft-repeated interpellations on the Eastern question and the Russian answer were revived on Monday in the Houses twain, the characters in the little drama being nearly the same as before.

First came a statement of facts and a declaration of their character, by the Marquis of Clanricarde. After recounting what Russia had done in the Principalities, his lordship said:—

"I hope I shall be told that there is very little reason to doubt that, at the moment when I have now the honour of addressing your lordships, the combined fleets are at last before Constantinople, on the other side of the Dardanelles. (Cheers.) If I ask, then, my lords, what has been done at home, I hope and expect that I shall be told that either long before this intelligence was received in this country, or, at all events, since it was received, there has been, not a mere request for explanation, but a categorical demand that the Danubian Principalities shall be immediately evacuated by the Russian forces. (Loud cheers.) We were told when the Russian forces entered these provinces, that it was not to make war upon Turkey. Why, what I have described is itself war. It is either war or piracy; and if it is not war it is piracy. (Loud cheers.) And are we in this position, that we are to suffer war to be waged upon our ally upon such pretences as are here put forward, or are we to stand by and see this act of violence committed upon Turkey without interfering? If we are to be told that it is a question of treaty whether the fleet shall be inside or outside the Dardanelles, I say there is now such a state of war as abolishes all treaties so far as Russia and Turkey are concerned. There does not exist a single treaty binding on Turkey after the aggression which has been perpetrated upon her by Russia. There can be no reason whatever, then, for not acting. And what is the state of things told by the answers we have received from the Government in either House of Parliament? That we have sent notes. Aye, but you have sent other notes, and we were told there was another note to be sent from Vienna last Sunday or Monday; but while you are sending notes, the Russian forces are advancing, and beyond the Principalities I have named, are taking possession of another territory. It may be said, 'Good news has been received, and appears in the papers of to-day,' and I shall be told probably, if that news is true, that the proposal which has been sent from Vienna has been received favourably at St. Petersburg. But we do not know what that proposal is, and before you can expect that the fact of its acceptance can give unqualified satisfaction, we must know what is the nature of the proposal which has been made. It is clear, however, that it is not the proposal which was alluded to last week in the House of Commons, for we were then told that the messenger would leave Vienna with a proposal from England and France on the Sunday or Monday, whereas this news dates from St. Petersburg on the 3rd instant, and it is utterly impossible that leaving Vienna on the 1st, it could have reached St. Petersburg on the 3rd. Therefore, this news must relate to some previous Austrian proposition. We do not know, then, what the proposal which has been

accepted is. But I say, after what has occurred, your lordship's House will not consider, and the country will not consider, any proposition satisfactory if it be not for the immediate and complete evacuation of the Turkish provinces. (Much cheering.) But under this, which I call good news, there is news of a very different quality received to-day, for it is therein stated that the Russian flotilla, which commenced operations at Ismail, is in possession of the whole of the upper part of the river, and consists of 200 vessels, of which 150 are gun-boats. Thus, while we are passing notes and sending couriers, we have not only the occupation of the principalities of Moldavia and Wallachia, but the invasion of Bulgaria, and the whole of that great river, the most important to the commerce of Europe, in the possession on both sides of a Russian force."

Lord CLARENDON's answer expressed agreement with Lord Clanricarde's opinions, official ignorance of his facts, and hopes of a satisfactory termination to the question. The pith of his answer was the assertion that the question has now assumed an European character,—that Austria, Prussia, England, and France are united to check the designs of Russia, and that no arrangement will be accepted "except that which will secure the independence of Turkey."

On the part of "the Opposition," Lord MALMESBURY said a few words. He took credit for "the patience" with which the Opposition had consented to the reserve of the Ministry, contrasted the publicity of the French and Russian diplomacy with the secrecy of the English proceedings, hoped that a debate on the subject would soon take place, and asked Lord CLARENDON directly what conditions respecting the immediate evacuation of the Principalities had been included in the proposition sent to Vienna.

Without exactly answering the question, Lord CLARENDON made a distinct pronouncement on the point, and then made a bold assertion.

"I have no hesitation now in informing my noble friend, without waiting for any further discussion, that we look to the immediate and complete evacuation of the Danubian provinces as a *sine qua non* of any agreement whatever. (Cheers.) With respect to any discussion, or any statement which it is desirable to make, I hope your lordships will bear in mind that the Government have not wished to shrink from this discussion or to lay the fullest information before Parliament of what has been done. (Expressions of surprise.) I did not even ask my noble friend to postpone the motion of which he had given notice for a previous evening. I felt that if your lordships and the country were pleased to ask for it, you were perfectly right and justified in so doing, and the noble marquis, yielding to the request of the noble lord, did so independent of the Government, and without even giving the Government notice of his intention."

His lordship added: "I hope, therefore, it will be remembered that the Government do not shrink from any discussion."

In the Commons, on the same evening, Lord JOHN RUSSELL said (in reply to Sir JOSHUA WALMSLEY):

"I have to state that before the prorogation of Parliament, I will give such information with regard to the relations between this country, Russia, and Turkey, as may be consistent with my public duty. With respect to the second question, I cannot say that I think it would be consistent with the public interest, in the present state of the negotiations, that any day should be fixed for a public discussion of this question."

Again, (in reply to Mr. LAYARD) Lord JOHN said: "So far as the Government are concerned, it is not our opinion that there should be a discussion." With reference to the news of the day stating the Emperor of Russia's assent to the Vienna proposition, he said:

"We have received from her Majesty's Minister at Vienna a despatch which is of a satisfactory character. The answer received is in reply to the first proposal, which was agreed to at Vienna; and the messenger who was to go to Constantinople, and who was to leave Vienna on the 31st ult., did not leave it until the 2nd of August, so that a reply cannot be received from Constantinople so soon as was at first expected."

Subsequently Lord JOHN (in reply to Mr. DISRAELI) declined to state the nature of the propositions which have been made to the Emperor of Russia.

Lord MALMESBURY led on a debate last night on this question. He moved for a translation of the two circulars addressed by Count Nesselrode to the diplomatic agents of the Russian Government, and published in the *St. Petersburg Gazette*; and also for any answer which her Majesty's Government may have sent to the statements therein contained. He entered into a history of the Eastern question; complained in strong terms of the course which this country had taken in the matter; maintained that the crossing of the Pruth by Russia was a distinct *casus belli*, and that this country should have advised Turkey to consider it so; and asserted that by so doing they would have prevented the question from arriving at its present unsatisfactory state. The people, he said, had a right to know, and might know with safety, what line of policy the Government were following. Withholding this information had excited, and was exciting, dissatisfaction at home, and mistrust abroad.

The Earl of CLARENDON said, he must adhere to the practice observed by all Governments—of not mak-

ing communications in reference to negotiations which were still proceeding. Notwithstanding that, he explained the steps by which such negotiations had reached their present position, and stating that a note, originally French, and adopted by the Powers, had been accepted by Russia, and had been transmitted to the Porte. His lordship expressed a hope, that as such note contains nothing derogatory to the honour of the Sultan, it would also be accepted by him. He deprecated further discussion at the present crisis.

Lord BRAUMONT complained that, instead of repelling Russia, England was endeavouring to induce the Sultan to give up a portion of his rights.

Lord HARDWICKE regretted that a more quick and determined course had not been taken.

Lord CLANRICARDE said, he was glad to hear that there was a probability of a peaceful solution of the difficulty; but observed that the real question was the terms upon which that peace was to be obtained. He should want to hear in due time what compensation was to be made to Turkey for the invasion of her territory.

Lord ELLENBOROUGH approved of the policy of England in regard to France, but hoped that those who were urging a war with Russia for the independence of Turkey would weigh well the character of such a conflict, which would be war in Circassia and in Poland. If the negotiations ended peacefully, it would give him a higher opinion of diplomacy than he had hitherto had.

Lord ABERDEEN regretted the discussion, though admitting that a desire for further information was natural. Vigorous measures had been recommended, but if the measures which Government had taken were successful, he should be perfectly satisfied. He assured the House that the terms which had been agreed to contained nothing detrimental to the interests of Turkey.

Lord MALMESBURY then withdrew his motion.

From a brief reply given to Mr. LAYARD by Lord PALMERSTON, it would appear that Lord John Russell will make his statement on Monday.

THE INDIA BILL IN THE LORDS.

Some amendments have been made, at Lord ELLENBOROUGH's suggestion. One provides that when the Directors delay, or finally refuse to sign an order for transmission to India, the commissioners of the Board of Control can sign and send it, and that it shall have the full force of law. Another allows the appointment of military as well as civil servants, to the legislative council. A third makes a minor regulation to allow senior members of the council to preside in the absence of the President or Vice-President. And a fourth expunges the clause abolishing the Company's salt-monopoly, (a clause inserted at the instance of Sir John Pakington,) on the ground that the abolition would endanger the Indian revenue. "There are not the means in India of creating a new tax as a substitute for the abolition of another, and besides there is a great indisposition in India to pay a new tax."

An army of proposed amendments, brought up by Lord ELLENBOROUGH, was repelled, without a division. The suggestions all tended to extend and strengthen the power of the Crown, in opposition to the power of the Company. One would allow Ministers to nominate for the Directors, men who had served less than ten years in India. The most important was a proposal to enlarge the Court of Proprietors, and therefore improve that constituency, by the addition of all retired officers, civil as well as military, who have served twenty years in India. The increase in the salary of the President of the Board of Control, was approved of by Lord ELLENBOROUGH, who hinted that the best mode of expending the additional sum, would be by receiving at his table all distinguished officers, who returned from India, every year.

THE MILITIA.

Statistics of the Militia, and comments on the conduct and necessity of the force, were made, on Monday evening, by Mr. SIDNEY HERBERT, (proposing a vote of 478,740*l.*, to defray the expenses of the body,) and by other members. The number now enrolled is 62,000, but the whole vote is not for the present militia: 100,000*l.* is for the old militia staff, and the "non-effective." The efficiency of the regiments has been borne testimony to by the most competent officers who have inspected them, and who have expressed their surprise at the degree of efficiency they displayed. It is still more important to note the universal good conduct evinced by large bodies of men at an age when it might be deemed that where such numbers were congregated together there might be some disturbance. In every part of the country the civil authorities have borne testimony to the excellent conduct of the men.

This vote stirred up the Peace party, who, through Mr. BRIGHT, ridiculed the idea of preparing for war.

"Admiral Dundas received the French officers on board of his ship, and were himself and the English officers entertained at dinner on board of the French ships, and that they drank the health of Queen Victoria and of Louis Napoleon, Emperor of the French, with so much cheering that it was difficult to hear the artillery. I want to know, under these circumstances—when the two nations are on such friendly terms, and when with respect to another matter in dispute there seems a probability of no war arising out of it—whether Government consider it necessary to go on increasing the militia force, and to fill it up to the whole complement. Having got over the panic of last year, and discovered that we have made fools of ourselves, we may now venture to let the wave subside, and the country may, perhaps, feel itself sufficiently secure to allow this portion of our force to fall into decay, as it did before; by which the expense of its maintenance will be saved. It is said that the militiamen make very fair soldiers after twenty-one or twenty-eight days' training. (A loud 'Hear, hear,' from Colonel Sibthorp.) I am not going to dispute it, because I am not a judge—a loud 'No' from the gallant colonel, followed by great laughter—but if men can be made fair soldiers in so short a time, it will not be necessary to take them for years before you require their services. The noble lord the member for Tiverton has turned out to have been wrong as regarded last year; he may be wrong also as regards the future, and 80,000 invaders may not come over at all; so that the constant expenditure of 400,000*l.* or 500,000*l.* a year may be avoided. Unless they are certain that this expenditure is absolutely required, and this force absolutely necessary, we will fail in our duty to the country if we vote it; and for my part, I do not hesitate to say that I regard the whole matter as an imposture, got up in order that the public might be deceived and robbed. The only result is to diminish the power of the Chancellor of the Exchequer to remit taxes; and there is a far greater probability of the evils of war when nations pursue the mad system of maintaining great rival armaments. I would suggest that, in the present friendly state of our relations with France, seeing the President of the Board of Control no longer makes speeches to his constituents at Halifax discreditable to himself and injurious to his country, it might be proper to make representations to the French Government before any long period elapsed, for the purpose of seeing whether both nations could not agree to reduce their armaments to some extent."

Mr. SIDNEY HERBERT pointed out that although remarkably efficient after 21 days training, yet the militia could not be considered as efficient as a regular army; and Colonel SIBTHORP reminded Mr. BRIGHT that the militia were also wanting to keep Manchester and similar places in order.

THE PUBLIC MONEY.

The "supply" to the Crown from the public purse was continued by instalments on Monday. And as each sum was granted, remarks were made by economical members, or comments on the services to which the grants are devoted. Mr. HUMPHREY objected to Government paying fees when they gave a new honour to one of their servants—to 2000*l.* for the outfit of Lord St. Leonards as Lord Chancellor—a usual vote, and to the large expenses of the commissariat. Suggestions for the extension of agricultural statistics were made by Mr. SULLIVAN and Sir JOHN SHELLEY. On the vote of 835,512*l.* for the Post-office packet service, Mr. COWPER explained the conclusions of the report made by the Government commission. On the vote of 200,000*l.* for the late Kafir war, Mr. ADDERLY forcibly expressed his hope that in future the colonists would be left to defend themselves. He disapproved of the abandonment of the Orange River territory as depriving the colony of a good frontier. On the part of the Government, Mr. FREDERICK PEEL defended the abandonment of the Orange River territory, as it is desirable to contract our possessions in Asia, and said that if unfortunately war should again break out the responsibility of carrying it on will be transferred to the settlers themselves.

On the vote of 50,000*l.* for the Naval Coast Volunteers, Mr. FRENCH objected to the exclusive use of rum in the navy. British spirits should be used instead of colonial produce. Mr. FITZGERALD seconded this objection. Sir JAMES GRAHAM defended rum as healthy, and pointed out that it would be unwise of the Legislature to interfere with the acts of the Executive. The vote then passed.

The religious instructions in our prisons were brought under the notice of Lord PALMERSTON by Mr. LUCAS, who showed that there is a want of Roman-catholic ministry in many English prisons. The consequence is, that Roman-catholic prisoners, anxious to obtain the clergyman's certificate of good conduct, necessary for any mitigation of their punishment, frequently act as hypocrites, pretending to be Protestants. Lord PALMERSTON promised that there should be a perfect equality in future. Roman-catholics as well as Protestants should be supplied with religious instruction by ministers of their own creed.

CHARITABLE TRUSTS.

The details of this Bill were again discussed on the third reading. Mr. LUCAS, on behalf of the Roman Catholics, said, that the exemption of their trusts was unrequited: "their strength and interest demand a

common right and a common law." Instead of exempting them, they should be placed on a proper footing. Lord JOHN RUSSELL agreed that some change in the law relating to these trusts is wanting; but it is impossible to frame one this session. Mr. HEADLAM advised a complete revision of the law of mortmain. At present it is difficult to settle property for benevolent purposes, such as infirmaries and schools.

A clause enabling one of the commissioners to sit in the House of Commons, was moved by Mr. LUTT, and supported by Mr. BONHAM CARTER, Mr. JOHN BALL, and Mr. THOMAS CHAMBERS. It was opposed by the Government and several independent members. It was rejected by 113 to 32.

Oxford, Cambridge, and Durham Universities are excluded from the operation of the Bill. Lord JOHN RUSSELL attempted to bring in Durham, arguing that the two other Universities are excluded because they were recently the subject of inquiry, and are to be made the subject of separate legislation. But the attempt was defeated by 70 to 65. Encouraged by this success, Mr. THORNELEY, Mr. HEYWOOD, Mr. CHAMBERS, Mr. BLACKETT, and Mr. WILLIAM JOHNSON Fox (friends of the London University) moved that it also be exempted from the operation of the Bill. Lord JOHN RUSSELL opposed its exemption. London University is but the head of a number of schools affiliated with it and scattered all over the country. The amendment was lost by 79 to 64.

THE MALT-TAX.

A resolution for the reduction of this tax was moved by Mr. BALL on Monday. He made amends for his strategic silence on his former attack by a tolerably long speech, in which he argued that a reduction was the proper consequence of Free-trade, and a fitting boon to the farmer and the labourer. He did not ask for the remission of the five millions of taxation, but for such a relaxation of the stringent rules of collection as would benefit the producer and not entail a loss upon the revenue. In consequence of the severe competition to which the farmers are now subjected from the operation of the system of Free-trade, and to their not being able to malt their own barley, they are not able to give their labourers any beer to sustain them at their work, and the latter are thus driven to the public-house, to the destruction alike of body and soul. It is the more important that we should take some measure which may tend to increase the quantity of food in the country, because the present harvest will unquestionably be both inferior in quality and small in quantity, while there is but little grain in warehouse, and the supply of cattle and sheep is most inadequate to the demand. "Our labourers are now discontented and dissatisfied, and threaten to emigrate; and I therefore hope that the House will not decline to take a step which will be a most powerful means of keeping them at home, and which, by enabling the farmers to increase the supply of meat, would tend to spread content and plenty through the land." Mr. CAYLEY, in seconding the motion, recommended Mr. Gladstone not to attempt to reply to the really unanswerable speech of the honourable gentleman who had just resumed his seat, but to take into consideration between this and the next session the best mode of carrying into effect the suggestions which had been laid before him.

Mr. GLADSTONE was jocose in reply. He had answered Mr. Ball's speech "by anticipation," and referring to his former speech against time, he said, though it was not becoming in a member to praise his own speech, yet he was well satisfied with the results of that speech. "It is admitted, indeed, by the honourable gentleman that if he had obtained a division before that speech was delivered, he would have had a majority; such being the force of my reason, simplicity, and ingenuousness, that that speech changed the fate of the day, and put the honourable gentleman into a startling minority." (Great laughter.)

Mr. SPOONER was "disgusted" with "this levity;" and after a few remarks from Sir JOHN SHELLEY and Mr. BALL, the motion was negatived without a division.

TRANSPORTATION.

The new measures taken by Government in consequence of the abolition of transportation, were explained by Lord PALMERSTON, who stated the general theory of all punishments, and set forth the plan of the Government as already explained in the House of Lords. The chief feature in the new arrangements is the institution of an imprisonment at home, and a release according to good conduct with a ticket of leave—in lieu of the transportation for fourteen years and under. Mr. WALPOLE suggested that instead of thus abolishing all transportation under fourteen years, the Government should, in individual cases, commute punishments for imprisonment into transportation, as far as colonies for the reception of convicts could be found. He also approved of putting the convicts to public works, such

as those in Portland harbour. Sir JOHN PAKINGTON, on the whole, approved of the Bill. Mr. MACARTNEY and Mr. FRANCIS SCULLY pointed out that there are too many prisoners in Irish gaols, and that convicts let out on tickets of leave would be injurious among the lower orders in Ireland. Mr. ADDERLY heartily condemned all transportation. Lord PALMERSTON in a reply explained that at the expiration of their sentences the convicts would get employment or wages. As to the graver cases of offence, instead of sending them to Western Australia, it is proposed to employ them on the public works at Gibraltar and Bermuda, and other places where they can be conveniently disposed of. It will be the endeavour of the Government so to arrange and organize the system of treatment and confinement as to beget in the mind of the offender a conviction that industry is its own reward, and that it is better to live by industry than by the fraudulent use of the intellect.

The Bill passed through Committee.

The Bill was read a third time and passed last night.

IRISH TENANTS.

Three Bills having reference to the relations between landlords and tenants in Ireland were considered in the House of Lords on Monday. The first is the Leasing Bill. This may be divided into two parts, the one part enabling landlords and tenants to make sufficient leases, and the second part enabling them to make sufficient agreements for any special improvements that may be considered desirable. Under the law as it now stands, every settlement, mortgage, and title-deed is an insuperable bar to the effective leasing of land in Ireland, except under very special circumstances. The evil is remedied as regarded larger properties in Ireland by special Acts. One of the leading principles of the Bill is to do for small properties, by public enactment, that which is done for larger properties, by special Bills introduced into Parliament. Leasing powers vary. A rector is enabled to grant a lease for one year only, but a bishop can grant one for twenty-one years, and a tenant in tail for forty-one years. This Bill proposes to place all on the same footing, and to enable either of them to give agricultural leases for a period not exceeding thirty-one years. It may be called a Bill of consolidation and amendment, for it consolidates and amends as many as sixty Acts of Parliament.—The second is the Tenants' Improvement and Compensation Bill. This Bill facilitates the enforcement of contracts. It treats on the law of assignments, and it makes a provision, which is much dwelt upon by the Devon commission, for the establishment of local registers of leases and agreements. It adopts an entirely new mode of legislation in reference to the prevention of wastes, particularly the practice of burning by tenants in Roscommon and other parts of Ireland, whereby lands are greatly deteriorated. All acquainted with Ireland know that the Burning Acts are of a highly penal character, and that they have been found ineffectual for the purpose for which they were passed. The object of this Bill is to prevent rather than to punish; it will make it unnecessary for tenants to have recourse to such practices, and will enable the landlord to put a stop to waste by an easy and ready process. The Bill likewise contains provisions on that subject which has been a fertile source of injury to Ireland—namely, the practice of sub-letting, which, until it is suppressed, will prevent all great and essential improvements in land. There are also provisions respecting the improvement of cottages, not altogether dissimilar from those contained in the bill brought in by Lord Clanricarde, and introduced into the House of Commons a few days ago. In addition, there are two enactments in the Bill somewhat modifying the existing law in reference to distress and ejectment.—The third and most important Bill is the Tenants' Improvement and Compensation Bill. It gives compensation to tenants in the absence of any express contract between them and their landlords. The custom on which this provision is founded has been recognised in England. Before English courts the custom was proved that the outgoing tenant might claim compensation for improvements, notwithstanding the knowledge and consent of the landlord has not been obtained. Mr. Justice Coleridge said it seemed to him that it was not an unreasonable custom for a tenant, who was bound to use a farm according to the rules of good husbandry, to charge the landlord a portion of the expense he had incurred in draining, and in otherwise improving the land. Mr. Justice Erle concurred in that opinion, and said, if that right of charging for improvements was not unreasonable in a contract, he could not see that it was unreasonable in the custom. There can be no doubt that customs having the force of law, and going to the full extent, in particular instances, of the present Bill, prevail in England, in which buildings as well as drainage are concerned, and

which the landlord is not able to set aside. In France the same principle prevails at the present day; it existed in the latter days of the Roman Empire, and formed part of the Roman civil law. No tenant can claim for any improvements unless he give notice to his landlord of his intention to execute them; but there is a further security and restriction imposed, because the landlord can, if he choose, serve a counter-notice on the tenant, intimating that it is his intention to undertake the improvements himself; and in the event of his making them, he can, under the Bill, claim seven per cent. from the tenant upon the outlay he has incurred. There is also another security given in the Bill. No tenant can claim compensation from his landlord for works executed with his sanction, unless he can show he is not in default in any payment, has not sub-let any portion of his land, nor has voluntarily abandoned the possession of it. The "retrospective" clauses provide compensation to dispossessed tenants for the improvements they have made. Depreciating the expected opposition of Lord Malmesbury, and giving Mr. Napier credit for originating the first two Bills, the Duke of NEWCASTLE moved that they be read a second time.

Lord CLANRICARDE objected to the haste with which those Bills have been pushed forward. They should be considered with very great care. The Tenants' Improvement Bill violates all contracts. Lord MALMESBURY objected to the Duke of NEWCASTLE's attack on a single member of the Opposition, without any provocation whatever, quoted a letter from Mr. Napier, asserting that clauses were "dashed into the Bill" in the Commons, but admitted that Mr. Napier was in favour of the Bill being passed. He advised that the House should go into committee, and reject *in toto* the Tenants' Compensation Bill. Lord ST. LEONARDS also characterized the Bills as drawn up in such a way that their operation would strike at the root of all property. He advised that the Bills should be deferred until another session. Lord ABERDEEN promised that if the House would agree to the second reading, the whole subject should be taken into consideration at an early period next session. This proposal was approved of on all sides. The three Bills were then read a second time.

THE DRAINAGE OF LONDON.

A bill to enable the Commissioners of Sewers to borrow 300,000*l.* was brought in by Lord PALMERSTON. He promised that next session he would reconsider the whole question of the London drainage, and make provision for the representation of local opinion before the Commissioners should take any action. In reply to attacks on the Commissioners by Sir JOHN SHELLEY, Sir BENJAMIN HALL, Mr. PETO, and Mr. BUTLER, he indicated the character of future proceedings and excused the Commissioners.

"I shall take care that nothing shall be done in the expenditure of money which shall not be approved of by the consulting engineers of the commission, feeling persuaded that in such men as Cubitt and Stephenson the House will repose perfect confidence. I also perfectly agree with those who say that nothing can be satisfactory until some general system of drainage is established—some system of drainage which will relieve the Thames from the ignominious duties which it has hitherto been called on to perform—(laughter and cheers)—that noble river having been converted into a great sewer instead of being an ornament to the metropolis. (Hear, hear.) I think such a system might be combined with the application of side tunnels, which would receive the contents of the various sewers, and would be substituted for the river; means might also be taken for converting those tunnels into what miners call upper and down cast funnels, by means of which the foul air which rushed from the gully-holes and poisoned the atmosphere might be converted into those funnels. I admit that the ratepayers have had just reason to complain that so little has been done to relieve them from this source of pollution, but I think the Commissioners of Sewers have also reason to complain, inasmuch as they being men of great ability were placed in a situation where they had not the means of accomplishing what they desired, though they were invested with the responsibility. Placed in such a position, the only wonder is that the commissioners did not strike work altogether, sooner than appear to have been guilty of neglect, where, as I have already said, they had not the means of carrying out their views. I have only to assure the House that I will feel it to be my duty to see that no work is undertaken in connexion with the sewerage of the metropolis which will not, in the first place, have the sanction of those two eminent men, and that the works undertaken shall be such as to connect places which are not drained with existing outlets, and that all the works shall be of such a nature as may be brought into keeping with that great and comprehensive plan which may hereafter be adopted. (Hear, hear.) I am informed that there are about 2000 miles of street in this metropolis, whilst there are only 900 miles of drains, therefore there are 1100 miles of street without drains, realizing what Milton says of populous cities—

"Where houses thick and sewers annoy the air."

But it is still more annoying to have houses without the sewers." (Cheers.)

The Bill passed through Committee.

SMOKE NUISANCE.

The abatement of the smoke nuisance in the metropolis is the object of another of Lord PALMERSTON's bills—passed through committee on Monday. It compels steamers and factories to consume their own smoke. Some members opposed the bill—Mr. MALINS, because it was impracticable; Mr. BLACKETT, because it would interfere with the coal trade; and Lord DUDLEY STUART, because smoke, though disagreeable, is not injurious to the public health. Lord PALMERSTON made a spirited reply:—

"It is easy to declare that it will be impossible to carry out the provisions of this bill, but a similar objection has been urged against every measure of social reform that has ever been introduced into this House. Proprietors of factories may say that it is impossible for them to consume their smoke; but the House may take my word for it, that if Parliament will say to them, 'Gentlemen, you must consume your smoke,' they will perform the impossible achievement, and the metropolis will be relieved from a most intolerable nuisance. If ever there was a case in which the prejudices of the few are opposed to the interests of the many, the present is such a case. It is not to be tolerated that a few wealthy gentlemen, who happen to be the proprietors of factories, should compel two millions and a half of their fellow-creatures to swallow smoke. It is a nuisance which is prejudicial to the health and comfort of the community at large, and it is also liable to this objection, that it destroys the beauty of the metropolis, and defaces our public buildings and architectural monuments. It injures all classes, but is especially pernicious to the humbler orders, who are unable to open their windows and let in even such air as a great city can afford, lest their habitation should be defiled with smoke. The opponents of the bill are prompted to their opposition by prejudice and ignorance. But their prejudice is unfounded and their ignorance is affected. They know very well that nothing is easier or more practicable than to conform to the provisions of the bill. The nuisance which, for selfish motives, they desire to perpetuate, is one which, they are well aware, is most prejudicial to the health, comfort, and physical enjoyment of two millions and a-half of her Majesty's subjects. I hope that Parliament will not back a knot of monopolists, to the prejudice of the community at large—(cheers)—but that they will give their sanction to a measure, the necessity of which is acknowledged by every man of candour and intelligence."

After an attempt (defeated by 66 to 12) to prevent the commitment of the bill, the whole of the clauses were agreed to.

DANISH CROWN.

Mr. BLACKETT wished to know whether the Government had any objection to lay upon the table the negotiations which had taken place on the subject of the succession to the crown of Denmark.

Lord PALMERSTON said, the correspondence was exceedingly voluminous, extending over 6,000 folios, and its production would lead to considerable expense. Much of it was not of the smallest interest at the present moment; but he might explain in a few words how matters stood which led to the negotiations. There was a prospect of the Danish Kingdom being split up into three parts, in the event of a failure of issue of the existing Sovereign, and these negotiations were opened to prevent such results. There would be no objection to produce portions of the correspondence, but it would be useless to produce the whole of it.

Mr. BLACKETT said he would state privately to the Foreign-office such portions as he required.

HACKNEY CARRIAGES.

A clause imposing a penalty of 20*s.* on any cab-owner withdrawing his cab without ten days notice to the magistrate, has been added to the Hackney Carriages Bill. Cabs are to receive a shilling for each mile traversed in a district lying four miles from Temple-bar.

THE NATION'S FLEET.

THE MORNING.

ALL the authorities, all the dignities, and "all the talents" of England, went down to Spithead, on Thursday, to see the Queen review her fleet. The morning gave happy promise of a fine day: the sky was slightly clouded, and there was a wind from the south-west, a light royal-sail breeze. Portsmouth poured forth from overflowing hotels, and crammed houses, the thousands who had found sleep or shelter during the night, and several magnificent barges were made by landlords and boatmen. The harbour was alive with craft of all kind—cutters, luggers, sloops, yachts, and schooners; the famous clipper, America, and some grand merchant steamers, being distinguished among the mercantile floating things that waited with steady pantings, or dashed gaily to and fro upon the waters. As the day advanced the sunshine glistened brightly on the pleasant scene, that lay from the white beach of Southsea, behind which every mound, every hillock, every rampart, every housetop, swarmed with spectators—to the opposite shore of the Isle of Wight and the pier of Ryde, covered with men, women, and children. The wind was now cast north-east, and the day was still fine, soft white clouds floating placidly through the blue sky. Here lay the fleet, duly unmoved and hove short, and with the steam escaping in huge white puffs. There was the giant ship, the mighty Duke of Wellington. The Admiral's flag waved from her mast; but

not an inch of sail was visible on her. One hundred and thirty-one guns, eleven hundred men, seven hundred and eighty horse-power, and three thousand seven hundred and fifty tons—such are the statistics of the Duke of Wellington. Two cables from her lay the noble Agamemnon, with her ninety guns, and beyond these the other vessels. The lines looked most imposing, and the idea of resistless power was strongly impressed by the array.

QUEEN VICTORIA.

The Royal Mistress of this noble armament soon came down, to marshal it in "battle's magnificently stern array." Exactly at eleven o'clock a gay yellow steamer was seen glistening in the distance. This was the Queen's own yacht. As she passed along from Cowes to Spithead, the dense masses of people who darkened every eminence on the beach, and swarmed on the platform and ramparts, cheered again and again, until the sound, echoed from point to point along the Solent, rose like distant thunder. Then, as it rapidly glided up to the fleet, sparks shot from the side of every vessel, followed by huge puffs of the whitest smoke, and the next moment the dead dull roar of the guns boomed over the waters, and crackled through the echoes around. The roar so like to the mighty voice of the heavens in their anger, the quick arrows of fire running along the batteries and piercing through the sheet of smoke, and the graceful whirls of the wreath of aerified gunpowder—this splendid royal salute, given from twenty powerful men-of-war, was startlingly grand. In its terrific force and vehemence it appealed to nearly every sense, and woke that dread instinct of war which must be inherent in man. Long before the royal salute was over each vessel was shrouded in its own particular cloud of smoke, and the effect was singular, as here a mast and there a stern showed out from the enveloping shroud, and then again was lost. But the wind dissipated the artificial mist, and the scene stood out in its striking grandeur. Nearly every yacht club was present in every form, from the clipper schooner of 200 tons down to the Thames cutter of 10, clothed in their snow-white canvas, big jibs and gaff-topsails set, and, flitting over the water in every direction, they formed the most beautiful *coup d'œil* that could be conceived, stretching away for miles, tacking to and fro, running out of every creek along the isle, and firing their tiny armament with wonderful zeal and tolerable regularity. The dusky forms of numerous steamers, struggling under the enormous loads of living creatures who swarmed from stem to stern, on paddlebox, deck, rigging, yards, contrasted with the livelier hues of the sailing vessels and relieved their monotony. The animation of the picture was further enhanced by a sea as green as grass, upon which an August sun shone and sparkled. Nothing could be brighter or more festive, and the huge mass of the Wellington stood out in its black majesty of reposing power, a fine mountainous contrast to the slight craft that tossed and scurried about it. The Fairy now ranged up with the Russian Archduchesses and several officers in uniform on board. The Stromboli, rolling about beneath the weight of the House of Peers, lay still further astern of the Royal Yacht, and Lord Palmerston might be seen chatting with one of the sailors just as he would speak to a *diplomate* or an Islington deputationist. The Black Eagle, with the "foul anchor" of the Admiralty flying at the main, was close at hand, and a crowd of yachts and steamers were at greater distances to leeward. At half-past eleven the Prince of Prussia, the Crown Princess of Wurtemberg, and the Duchess of Leuchtenberg, proceeded in a barge from the Fairy to the Royal Yacht, where they were received by Her Majesty. The boats of the Victoria and Albert were then lowered, and Her Majesty, the Prince, and the foreign visitors, proceeded on board the Duke of Wellington, followed by a brilliant staff. The Queen then appeared at the stern galley with her guests, the Duke of Cambridge and Sir T. Cochrane, the Admiral of the port and of the day, and remained for nearly ten minutes, gazing with the greatest interest on the wonderful scene which lay before her. Never did monarch look upon a grander or more inspiring sight than that upon which the gaze of her Majesty now fell. Before her was the vast expanse of ocean dotted over, far as the eye could reach, with every conceivable description of craft. The Royal Yacht Squadron from Cowes was there, with its schooners and cutters of varied rig and size; the Royal Thames Yacht Club was represented by some of its fastest yachts; each Packet Company had its representative there, and conspicuous among them all were the fast-sailing, smart-built packets of the South-Eastern Company; while near and around her Majesty were those columns of first-rates and frigates which might safely bid defiance to the world. Her Majesty surveyed the scene with intense interest, and, standing in the galleries, received the homage of thousands of her subjects, as they hailed her mistress of the

waves—the crews and passengers of all the vessels loudly cheering as they passed the stern of the mighty Wellington. They were followed shortly after by several other steam-vessels, the loud cheering of the visitors upon which was acknowledged by smiles from her Majesty. The ladies will be interested in the fact that her Majesty wore a pink dress and blue bonnet, in which costume she looked remarkably well and happy. Prince Albert wore military uniform, and some foreign uniforms were also distinguishable on the deck of the Wellington.

GOING OUT TO SEA.

After the Queen had returned to her yacht, the movements of the day commenced. The signal was given to weigh, and as the vessels had been "hoisted" since eight o'clock, and had only one anchor down, they were all off in a few minutes, in two columns, the Agamemnon leading the "port" division, and the Duke of Wellington heading the starboard column. It is impossible to convey any suitable idea of the effect which this stately procession presented. A procession it was as ceremonious and precise as any could desire to see, the number of huge ships at stated intervals, and the broad avenue of clear water between the two divisions, still pressing on the mind the marvels of that mechanical agency by which such order and power are combined in one display on "the inconstant deep." The ships kept in splendid line on their way out to sea, showing proudly their long rows of portholes, and by their stern, uncanvassed rig, to which the smoke of their chimneys added an additional feature of sullen pomp, holding every intruding craft at a respectful distance. To soften the grandeur of the spectacle by a feature which might appeal to the gentler sympathies of all, the Queen, in her Royal yacht, led the squadron to sea. Occupying a central position between "the Duke" on the starboard, and the Agamemnon on the port side, but slightly in advance of both, her Majesty and the Royal family, with their illustrious visitors, had an uninterrupted and perfect view of the marine pageant. They saw not only an unrivalled fleet, the fully-developed expression of our maritime power, but an amazing number of attendant yachts and steamers, with which the sea swarmed as far as the eye could reach. In no other country of the world, and at no previous period even in this, could such a spectacle have been got together. Thousands upon thousands of spectators from Culver Cliff, and the other high grounds of the Isle of Wight in that direction, watched the great pageant as it moved out into the Channel. Such a procession, so effective and so thoroughly English, could only be witnessed on our shores. The Englishman's love of the sea, and of all that enables him to subdue it, must have been thoroughly demonstrated to the foreigners during that sea march. As a long, broad stream of vessels of every description, amid which the mightier forms of the war-ships showed proudly and nobly, swept along in the train of the Sovereign, one was somewhat reminded of the victorious Greek armament returning to its city with the spoils of fight. The beautiful coast of the island, along which the naval procession passed, was a picturesque accessory, and here again the exquisite colour of the water, except where the hurrying prows lashed it into streaks of foam, could not but be noted. Sky and sea alike smiled upon Queen Victoria and her fleet.

THE NOVEL CHARACTER OF THE FLEET.

There was the great Duke, moving, "like Argo, self-impelled," and going easy a-head; and all that mighty mass moved along the water by an invisible agency. No paddles churned the sea into foam, no acres of canvass courted the wind. A screw fan, hidden in the abyss of her hold, propelled the Leviathan, in whose nostrils what foe shall ever fasten a hook? "Sailing" will, we apprehend, soon become a term of disuse in the Royal navy, for "steam" is gradually undermining the use of sails, and causing a mighty revolution in naval as well as in other matters. What were the feelings of some of those elder admirals in the British service, who have yet some dim recollections of a Nelson crowding sail and bearing down in line of battle on his foes, as they saw the fleet yesterday gently steaming eight or ten knots an hour, without a sheet of canvass! There was something absolutely awe-inspiring in the appearance of the great screw steamships as they glided noiselessly along, without the slightest visible means of propulsion. In the Wellington and Agamemnon the funnels are hardly perceptible, and as in Thursday's manoeuvres they emitted no smoke, and unfurled no sails, the vessels appeared to glide along moved by some magic agency, producing by their peculiar motion a strange and startling effect on the beholder.

The change from the paddle to the screw and the efficiency of the new make are very remarkable. Knock away the paddles or the shaft of a steamer of the old school, and you had a very dangerous log on the

water, which might scald you to death, and which was deprived of half her broadside by the space taken up by her paddleboxes. Fire a shot into her, and the chances were she became a vast mortar filled with steam and blew the crew out of her. But now we have a perfect man-of-war, with a propelling force working down deep in the water, and secured against most contingencies except that of breakage, with her engines below water-line, and, despite the prejudices of our old salts, there is reason to think that from and after this present time very few ships will be built indeed which are not provided with that potent auxiliary the screw. In these eight years a complete revolution has been effected in our navy and our system of tactics, and the most striking evidence of the superior merit of the new order of things was to be found in the proceedings of Thursday, and, above all, in the rapidity with which it has been produced. On the occasion of the Queen's visit to Spithead in 1845, the squadron consisted of the St. Vincent, Trafalgar, Queen, Rodney, Albion, Canopus, Vanguard, Superb, and Rattler. Of these, one—just one—the Rattler was a screw steamer! Thursday we saw a fleet of twenty men-of-war, thirteen screw steamers, and these by far the most efficient ships in the whole squadron; and, as if to admit the fact of their superiority in a tacit sort of way, the vessels of the squadron which was intended to be beaten were composed altogether of sailing vessels and paddlewheel steamers.

MEETING THE ENEMY.

The fleet steamed out in column till it had reached the Nab Light, the leading ships—the Agamemnon and the Duke of Wellington—still continuing abreast of each other. After passing the Nab, the columns steered a compass course, and having arrived in open water, orders were given to form the line abreast. This operation is similar to the military movement of a column deploying into line on the leading company or squadron. The vessels on the starboard formed in line on the Duke of Wellington at right angles with its column, while those of the port or lee division formed in like manner on the Agamemnon. In order to effect this movement the leading ships steamed very slowly, those astern increasing their speed in the proportion of their greater distance from the leading ships. Some idea of their appearance in this position may be formed from the fact, that the line extended about three miles from end to end. Fancy, therefore, looking along or fronting it. Soon a signal was given to alter course, and the starboard and port divisions lying abreast veered with their heads opposite each other, the leading ships closing at one cable distance—the two admirals in the centre—the paddlewheel steamers on each flank, and the screws in the centre. At five minutes past two, the enemy tacked and stretched away towards the English coast. As the looming forms of three line-of-battle ships gradually grew more distinct and formidable in the offing, they added a fine effect. By this time the enemy—the Prince Regent, the Queen, the London, and the Amphion—had ranged themselves in line of battle to port of the port division, and to windward. The two leading ships hauled up their courses, but kept their topsails, topgallant sails, and royals. The London stripped to its three topsails and jib, and the Amphion dropped behind with its topsails set, and topgallant sails dropping over them. Gradually the white sails of the first-rates and the dark smoke of the steamers of the enemy approached nearer to the fleet. The approach of the two fleets was one of the most beautiful sights of the day, and the manoeuvres of the squadron of Admiral Fanshawe, being for the most part executed under canvass, formed the most attractive portion of it, the London being conspicuous for the ease with which she was handled, her superior sailing qualities (she spared the others' royals), and the facility of her steering.

THE FIGHT.

The enemy had been very conspicuous for some time before the Royal yacht appeared to have found them out, but at length she signalled three strange sail in sight south-east, and thereupon the Admiral makes signal, "All take course together to the south-west." The strange sail wore grandly while this order was obeyed, the drums beat to quarters, the hammocks were taken down from their position on the bulwarks, port-holes were thrown open, and the ships, now turning their broadsides to the enemy, formed in line of battle, and signalled the demand. No reply was made, though one could by a telescope very easily distinguish Admiral Fanshawe's flag flying at the mizen of the Prince Regent, which led the way under a cloud of canvass. She was followed by the Queen and London, also under a press of sail; while the Barracouta, Amphion, Vulture, and Driver steamers attended them as they bore down. The Prince Regent fired twice in approaching, as if to try the range, but beyond this there was nothing to distract attention from the con-

traut which the sailing-vessels presented to their steam-rivals. The deeper we get committed to the mechanical influences gathering around us, the more do we seem to regret those splendours of the past which we can no longer retain. This was a universal feeling on Thursday as Admiral Fanshawe's squadron neared the fleet. The shrill whistle of the boatswain resounded through the enemy's ships; every man was at his post, and over the silence which now reigned among the thousands of spectators, and the throng of vessels, was heard the murmuring of some commanding voice in the enemy's ships. The ports of the Queen opened, a lurid glare flashed a moment from her broadside, white curling smoke followed, and then the report of one of her largest guns appeared to shake the very fleet to its centre. The report had not died away when the Agamemnon took up the awful thunder, and every vessel of the port division added the roar of its guns to the deafening cannonade. The rattling thunder ran along the line, traversing it, as it were, in a minute, and again beginning at the other end, main and deck guns—eighteens, and thirty-twos, and sixty-fours—banging and thundering for nearly a quarter of an hour without intermission. The deep bass of the 68 and 84-pounders, chiming in at intervals with the sharper roar of the lighter guns, could be readily distinguished, and the observer could even note how these tremendous engines of destruction hurled forth a more projected and larger mass of flame and smoke into the wind's eye. Now the breeze for an instant "aside the shroud of battle cast," and again the sun for a moment illuminated it, as though it had been a morning's mist. It was a most impressive sight to see, phantomlike, through the haze, the figures of the crews of the nearest guns, lugging and struggling at their work, tearing at the tackles, ramming in the sponges, hoisting the mass with levers—all this lasting but for a moment, and then the shivering bang, which seemed to cleave the very ship. But these bangs came thick and three-fold, from bow to stern on both decks, and on bow and stern from fourteen other vessels of three and two decks, and heavy frigates. Along the whole line of battle, nearly three miles long, the cannonading was kept up for many minutes with a fury which it is quite impossible to convey any idea of in words. The expedition and facility with which the crews worked their guns in the midst of all this terrible hubbub was a subject of nearer and hardly less interesting observation than the general effect of the battle.

The enemy had replied vigorously at the outset to the fire of the fleet, and this was sustained for some time; but at last the Prince Regent, the Queen, and London began to slacken their fire. During the fight they had kept up the firing with great spirit. The broadside of the Prince Regent was tremendous—for regularity and rapidity she could not be excelled. She was followed by her consorts with an effective fire; but all the roar of their guns was drowned in the crashing cannonade of the Duke, the Agamemnon, and the screw fleet, which vomited forth the fire of their batteries with uninterrupted energy for nearly a quarter of an hour, when the firing ceased and the enemy, maimed and wounded, and crippled, was understood to be defeated. The Amphion and the Admiral imitated the effects of an action most admirably by letting sheets and tacks fly, hauling their yards out of trim, and letting down the yards on the cape, the former particularly contributing to this picturesque effect with remarkable skill.

THE RETURN HOME.

The enemy being thus repulsed, it became necessary to chase, not him, but some imaginary enemy lurking in Spithead; so the heads of the vessels were put round, and the whole squadron started off homewards at the best of each ship's speed. Wind and tide favoured them, and the race home was about the merriest proceeding of the day. The fleet had been fairly out of sight of land; but presently the high ground at the back of the Isle of Wight began to appear like a blue line in the horizon to the left; and then, in brief time afterwards, the low line of the Hampshire coast, stretching to the right. Hereabouts the ships fell in with the now returning fleet of yachts and steamers, and it was all one race against one another. To yachtsmen a leading attraction in this part of the review was furnished by the performances of two beautiful foreign vessels sent over to the Ryde Regatta—one an American, the other a Swede, and both remarkably swift. These kept up with the squadron the whole day, and accompanied it on its return to Spithead. This return was made in the order which each ship could maintain by her sailing powers, the Duke of Wellington and the Agamemnon, however, easily leading. It was a fine irregular race back to the starting point of the morning, the stalwart and martial-looking war vessels shouldering their way by screw power through clouds of yachts and steamers. Far behind,

under a press of canvas, came the gigantic sail-of-the-line—distance and the declining sunlight giving somewhat of a spectral character to their movements.

THE GUN-BOAT BATTLE.

At half-past six o'clock the Admiral made signal for the boats of the squadron to attack an enemy to leeward. (The hostile force was represented by the Magicienne and the Vulture steamers, which took up a position within a mile of the Southsea beach.) The rapidity with which the huge launches were cleared away, raised over the side, and lowered into the water, must have surprised those who had not before witnessed the admirable perfection to which the boat service of our navy has been brought. In a few minutes each vessel had its launch floating by its side, a carronade (a short, serviceable gun, of heavy metal) on its slide in the bow, and then poured into her its stream of seamen, marines, and marine artillery. With 24 oars, double-banked, the marines seated aft, the officer in command standing bolt-up in the stern sheets, with the yoke lines in his hand, and the jack floating from the tall flag-staff in the stern, each boat was a beautiful object in itself, and formed an engine of war, so to speak, by no means despicable, having all the appliances of attack, defence, and retreat concentrated in a very short compass. A few minutes more, and the words "Give way" sent from the sides of the squadron a flotilla of enormous force and power. The boats might be seen advancing with great velocity from the line of ships, swept along by the long, powerful pull of the stalwart oarsmen, and converging as they advanced in two divisions—one for each of the devoted enemy. In an instant more the line of boats vomited forth a flood of fire and smoke. The carronades of the launches, served with great quickness, sounded a rolling bass of thunder to the smart sharp rattle of the musketry; and the irregular nature of the firing, at one time bursting into a simultaneous roar as the metal of boats and ships spoke in awful unison together, and now subsiding into the discharge of a single gun, diversified the tumult of the uproar. Still more launches kept coming from the fleet, and opened fire as they formed their divisions, the marines all loading and firing as if for life, and the sailors pulling with the regularity of machinery, till a loud ringing cheer—such a joyous burst of exultation that one might imagine the gallant fellows had won a new Trafalgar—proclaimed their victory over the enemy, and the firing was over.

THE ENDING.

As the wind slowly rolled the clouds to leeward of the flotilla, bringing into view boat after boat and the hulls of the steamers, the *coup d'œil* was one which no language can convey, for it was instinct with motion, teeming with energetic life. The boats were returning to their respective ships, from which the signal of recall had been hoisted, or with oars aloft were lying-to off the late "enemy;" on the white beach at Southsea, as far as the eye could reach, thousands of people were gathered in full enjoyment of the spectacle; every height—every hillock—the fortifications, the tops of houses—any and every place, in fact, from which a view of Spithead could be had, were black with a swarm of human beings. On the other side, with the aid of a glass, it could be perceived that the whole population had poured down to the shores of the Isle of Wight, and the pier at Ryde and the hills towards the seaside were covered with men, women, and children. The well-known form of their Sovereign was seen on the deck of her floating palace; and gentlemanly yachts hailed their topsails as they came near, and ungentlemanly ones stood too close in and became objects of universal abhorrence, for the time being, to many thousands of people. Far away to the east a thick black background of coal smoke, left behind by the steamers, rested on the horizon, and brought out in fine relief the snowy canvas of the hundreds of yachts which were stealing up to their moorings. The slower steamers and men-of-war, with company on board, came hustling through them, each with a long dark trail in the air behind it, and, in the centre of the picture, Admiral Fanshawe's squadron, with every stitch of canvas that could be set, except studding sails, bore down majestically in line between the port and starboard divisions of its late assailants.

Thus ended this Great Exhibition of the nation's fleet.

THE CAMP.

SATURDAY was memorable for a disgraceful failure. It was intended to blow up a redoubt by means of gun-powder, fired through an electric wire, but the feat could not be done, and the old-fashioned port fires had to be used. The Queen witnessed the failure. The railway arrangements on the same day were very defective; passengers from London were harassed and delayed.

On Monday, the army "changed kings," and fought

their battles over again with fresh success. The Duke of Cambridge was entrusted with the command of the whole division, for the purpose of a grand field day. The fact of the Duke being a most able and active cavalry officer naturally led to the opinion that the movements of that branch of the service would constitute the great feature of the day. While, however, the brigade of cavalry was kept well up to its work, the infantry and artillery were also fully employed, and upon no occasion was there a more brilliant field day, or one upon which the movements of the day were more equally distributed over the whole division. The enemy, consisting of the usual forces under Colonel Vicers, occupied a concealed position near Burrows-hill, the superior force occupying Flutters-hill and the ground in its neighbourhood. After some most lively manoeuvres the troops returned to the camp, having been under arms more than five hours.

A novelty in the proceedings of Wednesday consisted in the enemy being supplied with two pieces of artillery, which worked with the small force during the day, and gave additional effect to the proceedings. The camp forces were formed with their right resting on the open space opposite Higham Lodge, the present residence of Lord Seaton; the enemy occupied some heights in the immediate vicinity, having the camp in his rear. The whole of the forces were actively employed in driving the enemy from his position; and having compelled him to seek shelter in the redoubt partially blown up on Saturday last, at length drove him from it by the advances of the infantry. The Duchess of Kent and the Duchess of Cambridge were present.

It is stated that the camp will break up after the last field-day, which will take place on Thursday next. The two following days, the 19th and 20th, will be occupied by the removal of the troops.

OUR OWN EASTERN QUESTIONS.

FROM the far East we have news of moment, briefly told by the telegraph.

The King of Ava has become more submissive; he has issued orders that the British troops are not to be molested; that Meandel and Tounghou are to remain in our possession, and has released all the prisoners, but will not yet sign a treaty. (This news is dated the 22nd of June, fifty days ago.) There has been a sad and great shipwreck in the Indian seas. The Arab ship *Fuze Kareem*, on her passage from Aden to Bombay, with the Bombay portion of the India mail which left London on the 24th June, foundered at sea twenty miles from Aden. The mails, consisting of sixty-eight boxes, were lost, and 179 out of 190 Arabs and Lascars who were on board, and Mr. Nankins, in charge of the mails, perished.

From Australia, more gold and much distress make up the intelligence. The Legislative Council of New South Wales has appointed a committee of ten to prepare the new constitution. The produce of the Victoria gold fields is increasing. There is great destitution among the newly arrived emigrants at Melbourne. Rents are at extravagantly high prices. The American steamer *Monumental City* was wrecked on her passage from Port Philip to Sydney; thirty-five persons perished. Price of gold at Sydney had risen to 3*l.* 16*s.* per ounce.

The China quarrel may be one of our own questions in a short time. The latest news was, that the Imperialist army in China was preparing to retake Amoy, but without much chance of success. The rebel army was within four days' march from Nankin. Canton has not yet been attacked.

LETTERS FROM PARIS.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

LETTER LXXXV.

Paris, Thursday Evening, August 11, 1853.

THE whole interest of this week has centered in the announcement of last Sunday's *Moniteur*, that the Czar had accepted the note of the Four Powers. A lightning stroke falling suddenly in the midst of a vast assembly could scarcely have created a surprise more startling than this. No one looked for such a *dénouement*. After all the preparations and the aggressive acts and demonstrations of the Czar, the mere sequence of facts meant war, and in France we had begun to make up our minds to that event. The Bourse itself, yielding to the general movement, had declared steadily for a fall. Sunday last upset all these calculations in a moment, and on Monday the Three-per-Cents jumped up three francs and a half in no time. Nevertheless, there was no scarcity of unbelievers. A greater number than might have been supposed refused, and still refuse, to attach belief to the words of the *Moniteur*. They pretend that on the 5th inst. the Emperor of Russia had not received the propositions emanating from the Conference of Vienna. It is in fact understood that the Czar only knows, or, rather, only then knew, of the first of these propositions, which was despatched,

to him confidentially by his own ambassador at Vienna, the Baron de Meyendorff. This first proposition was almost a transcript of the ultimatum addressed to the Porte by Prince Menschikoff. Now, the propositions that followed are the necessary correctives to this first; since, on the one hand, they prescribed limits to the usage which the Czar should make of the concessions accorded to him, and, on the other, to the Christian communions in general extended the rights and advantages which the Czar intended to be conceded to the Greek Church in particular.

Besides, the Conference of Vienna committed the signal error of not stipulating the instant evacuation of the Danubian provinces. Many persons, then, are still so obstinate as to persuade themselves that the affair is not yet settled: that even if the Emperor of Russia has accepted the first proposition, he may still very well not accept the other and less acceptable proposition: that, moreover, he may yet very easily find a way to prolong indefinitely the military and administrative occupation of Moldavia and Wallachia.

As to thinking and serious people, they have observed with pain the immense abasement of public spirit, the immense degradation of public men in Europe. We are living under the reign of the bourgeoisie, but of the bourgeoisie in full decadence, of the bourgeoisie in complete dissolution. After the events of these last two months, it is difficult to doubt that society in Europe is little better than a corpse. The eagles and the vultures of the north may swoop upon their easy prey when they will; they will find us nothing but a huge carrion. How long shall the punishment be delayed? The religious journal, *L'Univers*, organ of the ultramontane and priestly party, has experienced the same impression, and has expressed it in an article that has created a sensation. For the first time, perhaps, in my life, I find myself agreeing with the *Univers*. I cannot forbear citing one or two passages from this remarkable article:—

"If the latest news be exact, the affair between Russia and Turkey, or rather between Russia and Europe, is concluded, as it was but too evident it would be concluded. Russia triumphs. The Sultan is no longer but the lessee of the Czar, and for a very brief term. The kingdom of Greece becomes the Monaco of the East; Austria falls into the rank of *protégée*. The other great nations having been unable to prevent this result, learn now that a Power which seemed to be as yet a rival only, is already, and knows herself to be, preponderant. Russia advances with the strides of a giant on a path which the faults of Europe have smoothed for her. She will only halt for a moment to march again, with no long delay. She is not afraid of her forces being weighed, and her projects discussed. What matters it to her that they be ignored? Constantinople was her end yesterday; it is becoming her *means*. Russia obtains all the advantages of war, because Europe is too anxious for peace. Russia is self-possessed. She has a head that commands, members that obey. She is a monarchy. In the rest of the world there are only republics, under different titles: aristocratic republics, and republics of shopkeepers. Russia depends neither on shopkeepers, nor on pennen, nor on stockjobbers. Her ministers, her ambassadors, her generals, have no interests at stake in foreign funds—do not fear lest their firmness create a fall in public stocks at home. This is why Russia advances, and all the rest of Europe recedes. He is getting to Constantinople without firing a cartridge, in spite of Europe, full of soldiers, rich in ships, in science, in tactics, but alarmed at the prospect of making cartridges out of the *Grand Livre* (of the public debt).

Such a conquest, thus accomplished, permits Russia to accept no restraints upon her ambition, and to place none upon her hopes. An old and prudent people, long sated with glory, would indulge in the passive intoxication of past success. It is perilous to inflame the pride of the Russ, who but yesterday was but an interloper in the European family, and a barbarian—the last in science, in letters, and in military *éclat*,—and who now feels himself the strongest. Assuredly Europe may need the exercise of virtues. But this new comer, this barbarian, is the pupil of the politics and civilization of the epoch: they have left him all his own vices, and he has taken theirs. Behold him great, indeed, and his education is complete. Modern politics and civilization will soon taste the fruits.

"And now Russia appears to us, with her unbelieving noblesse and her fanatical populace—with her scientific generals and her barbarous soldiery—with her Emperor, who is the high priest and the visible god of sixty millions of believers, whom he calls his saints, and to whom he speaks the language of the crusaders, and whom he fanaticises by promising to have mass sung in the Church of St. Sophia. There is your new Kalifat! Brutal as Peter the Great; obeyed like Mahomet;

—able, in a word, to command and to seduce at once; to crush and to corrupt, having at his disposal tortures, sophisms, and gold! He regards Europe, and beholds her divided and distracted by insensate antipathies and unnatural alliances.

We have reached a time when man is, as it were, uprooted (*déraciné*). Yes, alas! *uprooted* is the word: torn from the soil, holding no more by any thread to his double nationality of religion and country; as a brother, following the opinion which he has formed for himself by following the interest which engages him, whether of the Englishman, the Italian, or the Russian; but also willingly the enemy of his own brother by language, blood, and baptism; citizen of the world, if you will, but no longer citizen of his natal soil; adorer in one place of force, in another of revolt, almost everywhere of success; but here, there, and everywhere, unfaithful to God. Such is the man of the nineteenth century throughout all Europe. He floats from doctrine to doctrine, he runs from pleasure to pleasure, craven and inconstant even when he is not bad. He asks himself whether, after all, if he have no other God but himself, he has any country but the world. He has no tie to the past—before him he sees no future; he is *rooted up*. Is it this dust that shall stand before the hurricane of fire and steel which is rushing on compact from the East, hurried onwards by the fanaticism of conquest? Ah! if God shall not, by some sudden stroke of his own will, call up a man for this exhausted Europe, we are nearing the hour of disgrace, and it will have struck for long."

Meanwhile, Bonaparte is quite proud of the results obtained. He has just created M. Drouyn de l'Huys Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour, as a recompense for the signal triumph which that Minister has gained on the Eastern question. Will you not, for your part, also get up a subscription to present a civic crown to Lord Clarendon? I doubt not the Czar will head the list. Lord Clarendon and his colleagues have deserved well—of Russia.

We are busily preparing, just now, for the coming Fête of Monday, the 15th of August, the fête of Napoleon, the fête of the Emperor, as the functionaries say. A *Te Deum* will be sung in the churches; a grand review of the National Guards and the troops in the Champs Elysée, the Place de la Concorde, and the Tuileries, held by Bonaparte. "His Majesty" will enter into Paris by the Arc de l'Etoile, and betake himself to the Tuileries through a double line of troops, composed on the one side of the purged and picked national guards, on the other of troops of the line. All the cavalry regiments from the neighbouring departments are ordered to assist on this occasion. The Cuirassiers from Versailles, from Melun, Meaux, Beauvais, and Amiens; the Dragoons from Rambouillet; and the Lancers from Provins. A decoration, in Mauresque style, has been constructed for the illuminations in the Champs Elysées: four hundred and fifty thousand lamps, jets of gas, and electric lights will compose the *ensemble*. The Court (official style) will proceed to hear the *Te Deum* in Notre Dame, in great pomp. All the Imperial carriages have been re-decorated for the day.

Finally, we are promised a surprise, in the *Moniteur* for the 14th inst.: some say it is to be an announcement of the coronation, others of the "interesting situation" of the Empress, others an official notification of peace. At present, however, Bonaparte goes on imprisoning his people as usual.

A professor of philosophy, M. Merin, has been thrown into prison for having refused to take the oaths of allegiance. He was arrested on Saturday last at the Hotel Cornille.

At the request of Jasmin, the perruquier poet of Agen, Bonaparte has granted to M. Baze, sometime Questor of the National Assembly, authorization to return to France unconditionally. M. Baze has addressed to the journals a protest of a rather sharp flavour, requesting M. Jasmin to attend to his own business of wig making, and not to beg pardons for people who have given him no authority to do so.

Yesterday (Wednesday) commenced the trial of the affair called the *Complot de Vincennes*. About four months ago I told you of a Legitimist secret society, having a military organization. This is the society in question. The police has been utterly unable to get at the society itself; it has only seized certain individuals. From evidence already given in court, it appears that two formidable organizations exist, one Legitimist, the other Orléanist, ready to act as soon as the moment arrives. In a letter seized at the residence of Jeanne, the stationer of the Passage Choiseul, the following passage relating to the Legitimist conspiracy appears:—"The Orléans family have an immense organization, in which may be found very high functionaries and influential personages. They are ready to attack soon. The enmity of the Orléans family is

so much the more to be apprehended that it grows daily in the heart of young men, of whom some are brave and determined soldiers, it must be confessed." As to the intentions of Henry V., the following passage occurs: "It is above all absolutely necessary to establish frequent communications with Vincennes, therefore faint not and fail not—everything depends on it. The patron (Henry V.) is resolved to begin (*débiter*) by Paris *en maître*. No one must know the intentions of the patron. He has shaken off his apparent indifference, and now he speaks as a master and a king, disposed to emulate Henry IV., and that too very soon." Here, then, for any one who can reckon accurately, are four secret organizations, including that of the Decembrists of Bonaparte who are still in existence. Out of the Decembrists came the Empire—what shall come out of the other three? S.

CONTINENTAL NOTES.

We are told that the Turkish difficulty is overcome, and that war is now improbable; but we are absolutely without authentic intelligence respecting the mode of settlement. The best authority throughout this transaction has been the *Morning Post*, and from that journal, therefore, we extract the only regular statement before the public:—"We have every reason to believe that the event will prove our prediction correct, when we say that the evacuation of the Danubian Principalities will be effected by Prince Gortschakoff during the first week in September. It was on the 19th ultimo that we were enabled to inform the public that one of the projects for the settlement of the Eastern question had been favourably received at St. Petersburg, and it was on the 27th of July that we announced exclusively that, on the 24th, a project of settlement had been agreed on by the representatives of the four great Powers at Vienna. Later, we foretold that before the 10th of this month we should know the answer which the Czar would give to the proposition laid before him. We calculated on this because, on the 20th of July, M. de Mayendorff transmitted to his imperial master, not indeed the formal propositions, but an account of what had passed at the Conference of the 24th. To this despatch of the Russian ambassador, an answer, as we have already informed the public, has been returned, dated St. Petersburg, the 3rd of August, conveying the Czar's approbation of the project about to be laid before him, which, by this time, has probably received a more formal assent."

"We have thus far been correct; and we think we shall be found not less accurate, when we affirm that the definitive project of settlement was sent from Vienna to Constantinople on the same day that it was sent to St. Petersburg, that is, on the 2nd inst. The acceptance of the Czar will be received at Vienna about the 14th. This will, of course, at once be despatched to Constantinople, where it will arrive about the 20th. A Turkish ambassador will be ready then to start for St. Petersburg; and, we understand, that as soon as the telegraph informs the Russian Cabinet of the fact of the ambassador being on his road, the Emperor will telegraph his orders to Prince Gortschakoff to evacuate the Danubian provinces. These telegraphs, being for the most part old semaphores, will, of course, not work with the same speed as the electric; but they and the course of events will be sufficiently rapid to warrant us in expecting that by the 10th of September the last Russian soldier will have re-crossed the Pruth."

And the journal adds an account of the probable settlement:—

"We believe we shall be found not to be far wrong when we confidently affirm that the affair is settled in such a manner as to preserve intact the independence and integrity of the Ottoman empire. This mode of settlement will be thus:—Redschid Pacha will address to Count Nesselrode a note, in which he will inclose the Firmans in which are accorded to the Greek Christians, subjects of the Sultan, more privileges than even Russia had asked for them. He will say many civil things to the Czar, and assure him of the excellent disposition of the Sultan towards his own subjects, to whom he has accorded such and such rights. This note will be presented by a Turkish ambassador, and the affair will be at an end."

This is all that is known on the subject, except such bare revelations as have been made in the House of Lords.

But a correspondent of the *Morning Chronicle* furnishes an interesting glimpse of Omer Pasha's army. The letter is of an old date—July 11—but its contents are new:—

"I write to you from the head-quarters of the Ottoman army, and hasten to give you all the particulars that I have been able to gather, and the result of my personal inspection of the actual state of the Sultan's army. His Excellency, Omer Pacha, commander-in-chief of the army, has established a military cordon of 70,000 men, which extends from Babadsh to Schumla, and there joins the entrenched camp formed there, composed of 18 batteries, each numbering from 40 to 50 guns, heavy artillery, and defended by 50,000 men, forming the centre of the army. The right wing of this army has its quarters at Silistria, and is composed of 30,000 men; while the rear-guard is formed of a similar number of men, and is at Aitos. Schumla has been rendered next to impregnable. This stronghold, which is well situated as a strategic point, and on account of the climate, which is good, contains already provisions for 100,000 men and 40,000 horses for the term of two years. Omer Pacha has had 150 ovens and as many mills constructed, in which the bread for the troops is baked. He obliges the officers of every rank to leave their baggage there, and to carry with them but one change of clothes, and one camp kettle for every ten men. All these things prove that the fortress of Schumla and the entrenched camp are destined in Omer Pacha's plans

to serve as a place of retreat to the army in case of need; and as a place for its reorganization, in the event of a defeat. The fortress of Silistria has also been fully placed on a war footing.

"Last night a courier sent by the Minister of War to the commander-in-chief brought us the news that four regiments of the Imperial guard, forming a force of 14,000 men, with seven batteries of artillery, were on their way to Schumla to receive the orders of Omar Pacha. Lieutenant-Colonel Magdon, of the French army, who is instructor in the Ottoman army, arrived at Schumla on the 7th of this month, after having spent seventeen days on the banks of the Danube. He laid a plan of defence before the commander-in-chief. He returns to the Danube this day, accompanied by several officers of the Ottoman staff, in order to construct the fortifications on those points that have been considered most important by Omar Pacha."

Russia was still active in the Baltic at the latest dates; but the divisions of the Cronstadt fleet had returned to port after a brief cruise. It is stated that the Circassians have given the troops of the Czar another check; and that Prince Menschikoff has been ordered to strengthen the blockade of the coast, while in the interior new expeditions are preparing. Beyond the Caucasus, we are told, that British influence at the Court of Persia has decided the Shah to back Turkey, keep up his army, and resist the Russian demands. Whether this be true or not, the Russian minister, Prince Dolgarouki, has returned to St. Petersburg.

Nearer home we find the Federal Council of Switzerland finally refusing to make concessions to Austria. We have the Burgomaster of Brussels publishing, from the steps of the Hotel de Ville, the banners of marriage between the Duke of Brabant and the Austrian Archduchess. In Italy, arrests and punishments for political and religious offences go on as of old.

Here is a capital story illustrative of Italian political feeling:—When a short time since the Queen of Sardinia went to Massa, in the duchy of Modena, to pay a visit to her relative, the Empress Dowager of Austria (who is herself a member of the House of Savoy, being a daughter of Charles Albert's uncle, Victor Emmanuel I.), it appears that the Modenese authorities did not intend to hoist the Sardinian flag on the castle of Massa. But the Empress declared that she would not remain another hour in Massa if due honours were not paid to her royal relative. The Sardinian flag was therefore hoisted, and the Queen greeted with a royal salute. The knowledge of this fact, the refreshing sight of the Italian colours, and the presence of the lovely wife of a loyal king, produced immense enthusiasm amongst the Modenese. As the carriage containing the queen passed, the crowd uncovered to a man, not daring, for fear of the police, to salute her with acclamations; whereas on the passage of the Duke of Modena not a hat was raised.

But beyond these brief statements we have no continental news to communicate—the Turkish question, like the rod of Aaron, swallowing up all minor facts.

P.S. A telegraphic despatch reached Paris yesterday morning, and London the same evening, to the effect that the Porte accepts, without any modifications, the Note drawn up by the Conference at Vienna; and that the Extraordinary Ambassador appointed to carry to the Czar the adhesion of the Sultan will leave for St. Petersburg as soon as the Russian troops receive orders to evacuate the invaded territory.

This telegraphic announcement, the substance of which was apparently familiar to Lord Clarendon last night, leaves the point mentioned by our Paris correspondent, as still suggestive of doubt and difficulty, absolutely untouched.

CHRISTIANITY IN BROKEN CHINA.

THE character of the insurgents is made clear by additional information obtained from one of the persons who accompanied Sir George Bonham on his visit to the insurgent camp at Nankin. Their religious views, evidently derived from Christianity, have some odd addenda and peculiar distortions. They call themselves "worshippers of Jesu," and destroy all idols, but they represent God as coming down to visit their camp, and talking plainly with their chosen men. "They adopt the Ten Commandments, to which they have appended annotations; thus, they state under the seventh commandment that smoking opium is always associated with the sin mentioned there, and must be discontinued." They "take the Bible for their rule of life," and have massacred 20,000 Manchoses, even to the infant at the breast. They do not give their king the title of *supreme* lord, as that adjective belongs only to God—but they say that Tae-Ping-Wang was taken up to Heaven to be invested with sovereignty; a story interpreted to mean no more than Queen Victoria's *Dei Gratia* (at length restored to that most religious coin, the florin). But though they show great respect for their chiefs, they have, like the old Covenanters of Scotland, still greater respect for "the elect." They tell the English agents that they are of the religion of "King Victoria;" but, sad to say, Tae-Ping-Wang has thirty-six wives, and the princes have twelve, eight, six, four, according to their rank. The English writers from Canton record with joy that the rebels are "Protestants," and report that they "have killed

several Roman Catholics, probably converts to the Jesuits who permitted in their convents the worship of ancestors, and also a sort of baptised Buddhism."

In their character as men they are reported as superior in feeling, independence, and good manners to the other Chinese we have known. They are pure in their ideas and communicative in conversation. One of the peasants describing them, said: "They are men of their word; if they say they will give you twenty licks of a bamboo, make your mind easy, they will not stop short at nineteen." Now it is most unusual for a Chinaman to do what he says or mean what he says. Their leaders are described as quiet and self-confident. At Amoy is a section of the insurgents, not absolutely connected with Tae-Ping-Wang. "Their conduct had been marked with the greatest moderation, having repressed all crime with a strong hand, decapitating summarily for grave offences. They gave English merchants guards to protect their lives and property." In conclusion, the insurgents are strangely represented to have "large feet."

Their military proceedings have shown bravery and self-reliance. They have proceeded from victory to victory, and appear to conquer with ease the imbecile and badly-officerd Imperial army. Their abandonment of towns they have taken, results from their anxiety to strike a blow at the capital. They wait at Nankin for a mandate from Heaven to advance to Peking; and the receipt of the order is all but certain. They are storing Nankin with provisions, and have gained the sympathy of the people in the surrounding districts. Of Tae-Ping-Wang, their chief, there are some early anecdotes. The Rev. Mr. Roberts, of Canton, states that Tae-Ping-Wang was a student of his, and applied for baptism some years since; while an Imperialist story-teller says that the rebel king was a candidate in a literary examination, and being unjustly rejected stirred up this rebellion.

ALLEGED SALE OF INDIAN PATRONAGE.

SOME weeks ago Mr. Bright stated in the House of Commons that the corrupt sale of Indian patronage was notorious. He quoted an anecdote which he had heard. A person having Indian authority negotiated by innuendo and by a third party to obtain a sum of money for the gift of an Indian situation. In reply to the applicant's statement of his son's fitness and ability the third party always responded, "My friend is not a rich man," and on being pressed for an explanation of this phrase, invariably answered, "You are a man of business." The person seeking the situation having scruples about taking the usual oath declaring that he had not bought or corruptly obtained the post, the negotiation was broken off. The publication of this anecdote in the House caused sensation, and Mr. Bright's authority was demanded. With reluctance he gave the name of Mr. Wilkinson, member for Lambeth, and stated that Mr. Norman Wilkinson, his brother, was one of the parties to the negotiation. But both Mr. Bright and Mr. Wilkinson persistently refused to state the name of the other party.

Offended at this imputation the East India Company took steps to bring the whole matter to light. They applied on Wednesday at the Mansion House for a summons against Mr. Norman Wilkinson for a misdemeanour, "in having bargained for the purchase of an office in the gift of the Company," such proceeding being illegal under an act passed in the reign of George the Third. In the police court Mr. Wilkinson, the member for Lambeth, was called on to give evidence. He again declined to state the name of the person with whom his brother negotiated. He added:—

"My brother had a son, whom he wished to send out to India, and I believe he wished to procure some appointment for him. I think he told me a year and a half or two years ago that he had had an offer of such appointment—I so understood him—in the service of the East India Company."

Mr. Clarkson: "Did you learn from your brother from whom he had had that offer?"—Mr. Wilkinson: "Yes, I did."

Mr. Clarkson: "Will you have the goodness to tell us his name?"—Mr. Wilkinson: "I have first of all to say, that I am exceedingly unwilling to do anything in the world in any way to obstruct the course of justice, but I consider this to have been a confidential communication from my brother to me. I know that he feels himself conscientiously bound not to disclose the name of that party; and as I also feel bound in the same way not to do so, I must decline the answer to that question."

On being hard pressed, Mr. Wilkinson said, that "the other party" was not a Director of the East India Company. Mr. Clarkson then said—

"Undoubtedly the principal delinquent is the party against whom the directors' object is to be levelled, and if it be within the power of the law to bring that party and any other party concerned to justice, they feel themselves called upon thus publicly to declare their determination to do so. I ask your lordship for a summons, charging Mr. Norman Wilkinson with unlawfully bargaining with a certain person, whose name is unknown, for the pur-

chase of a certain office, the nature of which is perfectly immaterial, because that will be the result of further inquiry; if your lordship thinks I have made out a case for granting the summons; and also to endeavour, by such means as are in our power, to connect the remaining party with the transaction who made these offers to Mr. Wilkinson for which he has been negotiating."

The summons was granted.

THE WONDROUS TALE OF "SMITH."

A MAN named Smith, and with that indefinite name, having the itinerant occupation of a lecturer, suddenly appeared to several attorneys, and told an old story. Sir Hugh Smyth, owner of vast estates in Gloucestershire and Somersetshire, went to Ireland in 1796, and there married a Miss Jane Vanderbergh, in the presence of Caroline Bernard, Consens Lovett, and John S. Vanderbergh; the Reverend Verney Lovett, vicar of Lismore, performing the ceremony. The Irish rebellion broke out: Sir Hugh and his wife came to England; and, on the 2nd of February, 1797, the wife was delivered of a son, who was baptized the next year at Bath by the Reverend John Symes, in the presence of Lady Isabella Thynne and Caroline Bernard. The wife died in childbirth. The son was placed in charge of a nurse, and was educated at Warminster as a gentleman. In 1822, Sir Hugh Smyth made a will, leaving all his property to this son, then concealed through the treachery of a servant; and Sir Hugh died in 1824. As the son grew up he was visited and received by Colonel Langton, the Marchioness of Bath, Lady Isabella Thynne, and others. The Marchioness of Bath gave him 1400*l.* to travel on the Continent; but refused to tell him the name of his father. He returned from the Continent in 1836; and, in 1839, came to see old Provis, a carpenter, in whose house he had been brought up. After some hesitation, Provis gave him a Bible, jewellery, and old papers—all family relics; also a portrait. The Bible contained the record of the marriage of his father and mother: the portrait was "the counterfeit presentment" of his mother; and one of the rings had a seal, with the initials of his grandfather and grandmother. Through an attorney he afterwards discovered his father's will. On these discoveries, he called on Sir John Smyth, the brother of old Sir Hugh, and then in possession of the family estates. After showing much agitation, Sir John acknowledged him, gave him money, and died the same night, probably from excitement caused by the discovery. Such was the story of Smith, or, as he called himself, "Smyth," told to many attorneys in succession. For, one after another the attorneys declined the case. At length a Mr. Catlin took up the cause, and brought an action of ejectment against Sir Henry Greville Smyth (a minor), grandson of Florence sister of Sir Hugh Smyth, and the present possessor of the estates.

The action was tried at Gloucester on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday. The certificate of the Irish marriage was produced. A Bandon gentleman testified that the signature of the clergyman, "Verney Lovett," was in the handwriting of the Reverend Verney Lovett; but "Consens Lovett" and "Caroline Bernard," witnesses to the certificate, were not identified. The certificate of baptism was proved to be in the handwriting of the Reverend John Symes, by the evidence of his son and granddaughter; and the signature of Lady Isabella Thynne to the same as witness was identified by the Honourable Carolina Courtenay Boyle, and by a clerk at Drummonds'. A letter of Sir Hugh Smyth's to his wife at Warminster, was proved to be in his handwriting by the Reverend G. T. Seymour; and the signatures of Sir Hugh Smyth, and of the witnesses to the will, were sworn to by old servants of the family and other persons, mostly of humble life. The plaintiff himself—"Smith," the lecturer, or, on his own statement, "Sir Richard Hugh Smyth," appeared before the court to give evidence. He is a man of a middling size, and sallow complexion, with very little whisker, and iron-grey hair, carefully combed and arranged. He was dressed in black, and gave his evidence with great deliberation, very much in the style of a practised lecturer. But his contradictions and prevarications were innumerable. Letters admitted to be his were produced; and he confessed that their contents were untrue. His manner was absurd, and betrayed an odd imbecility. He appeared illiterate and ignorant—spelling "whom" whome; "set aside," sett asside; and "scrutiny," screwteny.

On Wednesday morning he was re-examined. While at the table a singular correspondence was going on. At half-past nine on Wednesday morning, a person in Oxford-street, who had read the report in the *Times*, communicated to Sir Frederick Thesiger (counsel for the defendant), that he could give some important information. Some inquiries were then made of him by telegraph, which resulted in a message being returned by telegraph to ask Smith, whether he had not gone, in January last, to a person

at 161, Oxford-street, and asked him to engrave the word "Gookin' upon a seal?" Sir Frederick Thesiger asked the question, reading it from the despatch, and then, amid the breathless expectation of the crowded court, the plaintiff answered in the affirmative. The sensation which followed this admission may well be imagined. The counsel for the plaintiff threw up the case, and the sham baronet was put into gaol on a charge of perjury. It would thus seem that the whole story is a monstrous fiction, that the respectable witnesses were deceived as to the signatures, and that the suspicious witnesses were in all likelihood parties to the conspiracy. The forgeries committed have since been proved before a magistrate. The fraudulent procurement of the seals for stamping the deeds and letters has also been established.

HONOUR TO GEORGE DAWSON.

GEORGE DAWSON is the preacher in the Church of the Saviour, Birmingham—a church built for him by the congregation. A festival is held each year to commemorate the founding of the church, and on last Monday the annual occasion was taken as a fitting time to show George Dawson the sympathy of his friends relative to the adverse verdict in the Von Beck case. In the morning, a fine portrait of Mr. Dawson was presented to his wife. It is by Mr. Knight, R.A., and is literally a speaking likeness, as it represents him, with good effect, in the act of speaking. In the evening, two thousand persons, including friends who travelled from town for the purpose, took tea in the church. In the subsequent speaking, the character of the institution was alluded to; "it is a church founded, not on creed, but on spirit—on character, and not on dogma." The spread of similar churches throughout the district was gladly stated.

The circumstances of the late verdict were then pithily and properly exposed by Mr. George Downing. He characterized the charge of the judge and the decision of the jury as unjust. He believed it was their very philanthropy which induced the defendants to act as they did towards a suffering woman. They took her in through kindness, but when they discovered she was unworthy of it, were they to shuffle out of it? Suppose they had turned her out, and she had died, depend upon it the first question asked would have been, "Why did you not take her before a magistrate?" That very charge they had adopted, and they were abused for it. The facts, indeed, showed that they took every precaution in the matter. At much expense and inconvenience they went to London to ascertain not only that the pretended Baroness was an impostor, but that the Racidula who had taken that title was the identical person resident in Birmingham. Supposing this unfortunate woman had not been Racidula, could anything be more delicate than the course they took? They opened the curtains, and she was seen. If she had not been the person, she would never have known that she had ever been suspected. And yet even this delicacy and care were made the occasion for the lowest personal abuse. The charge of the judge was grossly partial. It was the man, the principle, and the position he held, that raised the wrath, and it was to cast obloquy upon them that the thing was got up, and great was the rejoicing in the camp of the clerical body at the result. Mr. Downing proceeded to animadvert upon the want of fairness evident throughout to the defendants and their counsel; on the conduct of the judge, who, instead of endeavouring to calm excitement and prejudice, became the advocate of the plaintiff, which no sober-minded judge would have done; remarked on the absurd dicta that hearing groans in a cell and a gaoler asking a man whether he would have breakfast, were serious aggravations of the offence against Derra; and declaring that, in his opinion, the jury gave damages, not to the living Derra, but to the memory of the dead woman. If the defendant had not been George Dawson, there would not have been all this outrageous outcry. Let them take a case. Prince Albert, a few months ago, received a begging letter from some miserable wretch of a begging impostor. What did he do? He sent the letter to the police, the man was arrested, and what occurred? The man died in prison. Where in that case was the noble indignation, the cries of inhumanity, the outpourings of abuse of the *Times*? Who thought of charging the Prince with monstrous inhumanity, of gross cruelty, and injustice?

George Dawson himself spoke, and explained his position. Some time ago he promised that if the verdict went against him he would resign, that he might test the continued confidence of his congregation. Therefore he had resigned. Having now asked them was their confidence withdrawn, and finding that it was not he withdrew his resignation. Alluding to the attacks that had been made on him, and to their possible result, he said that if it were true that wherever

he happened to be he was to be haunted and taunted, never to have any welcome anywhere, there was a good old song very comfortable under the circumstances, which many of them thought he was not in the habit of singing enough, "There is no place like home." If he went to London, and owing to the invective of powerful writers, he found he was not wanted, why he could stay where he was. If ever man could bid the outer world adieu he could. Surrounded by so many friends there was joy in singing, "Home, sweet home." If he went to Bristol, and if the Bristol people, hot in indignation—by most miraculous and marvellous chance having heard of what certain worthies had written—and instead of coming in crowds to hear him, should sit and scowl at home, he could understand it, and trouble them not.

But leaving all the silly prognostications and sentimental nonsense of these folks, in all sober seriousness he said that the opinion of those before him was worth more to him than the united opinion of all the newspapers in England. The good people who knew his manner of life for nine years—for he couldn't keep barred doors against prying eyes even if he would—if they declared that, notwithstanding what the judge judged and the jury said, their confidence in him was unabated, that resolution weighed more with him than all the abuse he had received. Better the opinion of one who looked close than of ten who saw from afar off. Now had he been George Jones, of no particular ilk, of whom nobody knew anything, and for whom nobody cared anything, there would not have been the bitterness shown; there would have been no bets taken over the result, triumphant flourishes over the end. He did not pretend to the affectation of saying that he thought no personal enmity to himself had entered into the case. One worthy man told him he hoped it would drive him out of the town. He told this worthy he did not think it would. But the whole proceedings showed ill-will, a bitter animus, an evil spirit; and he left them to judge whether he had earned it. He had striven for what his fathers had taught him to consider the good old cause of right against might, of free thought and free speech unhindered by kingcraft and priestcraft. (Cheers.) This had been the head and front of his offending. If any man could show other grounds but this, let him speak. If any man could charge him with any other crime than that of advocating opinions not popular in high places, of denouncing spiritual wickedness in high places, of standing up for the right of every man to free speech and unfettered action, of speaking for the poor man, and helping him to fight his battle of life, let that man speak and he should answer.

A signal fact was mentioned at the close of the proceedings. George Dawson's share of the damages and costs will be 500*l.*; to pay this 465*l.* has been already collected, and the rest, it is expected, will be made up in a few days.

CONVOCATION.

THE House of Convocation will re-assemble next Thursday. Mr. George Denison, Archdeacon of Taunton, has publicly announced that he will move the following resolutions in the Lower House:—

"1. That it appears to this house that the education and training of candidates for holy orders is very generally defective and inadequate, especially in respect of a course of theological reading and practical preparation for some time previous to their presenting themselves to the bishop to be examined and inquired of, with a view to ordination.

"2. That this house do make a humble representation to his grace the Archbishop, and the lords, the bishops, the Upper House, respectfully calling their attention to the urgency of the case, and praying their concurrence in appointing committees of both houses to consider conjointly of the best means of remedying this defect, and supplying this want in our Church system.

"3. That a committee of this house be now named, with instructions to prepare a draft of such representation, and to submit it to this house for approval at their next session."

Whether the Lower House will be allowed any time to discuss these resolutions is a matter of doubt.

HEROINE-WORSHIP.

CAROLINE CHISHOLM is fortunate. She has done good, is still living to do more, and yet receives due honour in her own country. A meeting at the London Tavern, on Tuesday, showed men of worth and weight connected with the colonies taking counsel together what mark of esteem they should show to this woman whom they delight to honour. There was Sidney Herbert and his wife, aristocrats in deed, Robert Lowe, who knows Australia by heart, Vernon Smith, a Whig statesman; while Thompson Hankey, Sir James Duke, Sir Isaac Goldsmid, and many others of that stamp, represented "the city." Mrs. Chisholm is about to depart for Australia, and the object is to present her with a testimonial, as a parting gift from her many respectful friends.

The facts of her life were alluded to by the principal speakers. She was born and bred in the town of Northampton. She has devoted herself to the amelioration of the condition of the emigrants and convicts, and by her untiring efforts she has acquired very great influence even over the minds of the most depraved. She has exhibited the most indomitable courage, and

not only ventured into the bush, but she was so beloved that men who had been punished for crimes came and asked for a night's lodging at her house. And such was the respect in which she was held that, instead of abstracting anything, as might be supposed, these men left all clean and comfortable in the morning, and did all the work they could. Mrs. Chisholm, in fact, had obtained complete dominion over these untutored men in the colonies, and when she came to England she endeavoured to promote their interests and to gain the sympathy of this country for them. She did not apply to the Government for assistance, but she betook herself to various sources, relying less upon the Government than upon individuals. "There is no possible motive for her exertions," said Mr. Vernon Smith, "but humanity and benevolence. She is a Roman Catholic, and some opposition has been excited against her in this respect, from the idea that her object is conversion. The best answer to this objection is, the Earl of Shaftesbury belongs to the society, and nobody can accuse him of taking any steps to favour the Roman Catholic religion. The object in view is in conformity with the precept of the Christian religion—to do good. The view of her society is to improve the condition of emigrant ships, by establishing a guardianship over those on board. Thus, the father of a family is answerable as he would be for a wife and daughters. It is a system of God's own police to make the father of a family answerable for all under his care."

"In the olden time," said Mr. Sidney Herbert "such a woman would have been crowned in the capitol. No one knows the trials and difficulties which she has had to encounter. Her self-denial is above all praise. From her exertions there are thousands of happy wives and mothers who, but for her, would be now in a position of want and misery." Sir Isaac Goldsmid stated that the Jews had such confidence in her that they intend to send out a number of Jewish women under her care to Australia. Mr. Lowe said he had known Mrs. Chisholm for ten years, and had seen her under various trials and difficulties, and he would say that she was one of those rare and admirable women whom Providence raised up from time to time to effect good works. He then referred to the exertions used by Mrs. Chisholm to reform the system of emigration, and said that she possessed the most extraordinary influence in subjecting the minds of others to her views. She seldom failed in any plan which she projected.

As a substantial token of the sincerity of these praises nine hundred pounds were at once subscribed towards a testimonial. Many references were made to the reforms introduced by the Family Colonization plan, which, like the Tyrian emigration of old, may take *dix femina facti* as its singular and honourable motto.

MARRIAGES, YOUNG AND OLD.

STATISTICS of "the ring, the cradle, and the grave," are supplied by the Registrar-General, for the whole year 1851. (Last week we explained the statistics of the June quarter of this year.) The marriages celebrated were 154,206: five-sixths being of persons belonging to the Established Church, 6570 of Roman-catholics, and over 15,000 being of dissenters, or of persons married at registrars' offices. The conditions of the persons marrying are also told. Bachelors and spinsters rushed into 126,018 unions. 146,313 spinsters were induced to marry as many widowers, but, notwithstanding the popular opinion respecting the fascinating powers of widows, but 6625 bachelors were led to the altar by that class. They succeeded, however, in carrying off 7250 widowers. On the whole, we find that, while 21,563 men, bereft of their wives, consoled themselves by taking another, but 13,875 widows adopted a similar consolation. When we remember that the deaths of males and females all over the kingdom, are nearly equal, and that the deaths of husbands and wives may be presumed to be equal, these statistics strikingly show that women are more persevering in grief for a lost partner, or more incapable of getting another, than men. Respecting the statistics it shows how no man thought of marriage at fifteen, how one "man" married at sixteen, 22 at seventeen, 223 at eighteen, (a great jump,) 1231 at nineteen, and so on, until we find that the male age most liable to matrimony is between twenty and twenty-five, when over 14,000 men hurried to the altar. From that time out the ardour of youth decays: 799 being the number who married between forty-five and fifty. 11 men over seventy, 5 men over seventy-five, and one man above 90, became husbands. With respect to the ages of brides, we find eighteen girls under the age of fifteen, 115 and 550 under seventeen. But from nineteen to twenty is the most frequent age for brides: 27,969 of that age were married, while but 4113 women, younger by a year, obtained husbands. Brides between twenty and twenty-five number but 11,415, and brides between twenty-five and thirty are but 4739—a melancholy decedence. "Fine

by degrees and beautifully less" are the chances of marriage for a lady as she passes thirty. But for the encouragement of that section of the sex—a small, very small section, of course—we may note, that 2318 women past thirty became brides, in 1851, that 1453 of the same successful class were over thirty-five, that 814 were over forty, that 437 were over forty-five, that 219 were over fifty, that 89 were over fifty-five, that 22 ("few, but fearless") were over sixty, that the successful ladies over sixty-five actually numbered 70, (showing that as age advances so does tact and courage,) that 5 heroine brides conquered the slight difficulty of being over seventy, and that 3 old women, (for even politeness allows us the adjective, in this case,) whose ages were over seventy-five, became brides at that age.

The statistics of the *cradle* show that 314,968 males, and 300,897 females were born in England, in the year 1851. The continual majority, however, of males in the population, indicates that the deaths among male children are greater, in proportion, to the deaths among females. The quarter ending June shows a superiority in births to any other quarter of the year—the least prolific being the quarter ending September. The deaths were 9000 less than in the June quarter. The number of illegitimate children was 42,000, about one-fifteenth of the whole.

Death took away 200,454 men, and 195,720 women: the quarter ending March being the most deadly, and the quarter ending September being the most favourable to life.

CURIOSITIES OF JUSTICE.

A ROAD runs along the boundaries of Gloucestershire and Monmouthshire. A carter was upset on this road and killed, the accident being caused by a heap of stones left by a colliery agent. The inquest on the body was held by a Gloucester coroner at a little inn on the *Monmouthshire* side of the road, and a verdict of manslaughter was found against the agent. He was arrested and imprisoned without bail. But the inquisition was quashed in the Queen's Bench on the ground of being held at the wrong side of the road, and the coroner (in a subsequent action) has been compelled to pay 25*l.* damages, and the costs of all the law proceedings.

Our jury system was criticised by Judge Coleridge at Gloucester. He blamed the country gentlemen for not coming forward to serve on special juries. There is no excuse, as they are paid a guinea for every cause. "I am satisfied," said his lordship, "that it would be of immense advantage to the community if the gentry would do their fair part in the administration of justice, by serving on the Crown side as well as on the civil. To improve the composition of the jury panels is one thing essential to the improvement of the administration of justice. If we had a few of the special jury class upon the common juries, it would be a great improvement, and we should also get through the business in half the time; for in place of long and laborious summings up, as at present, we should be able to state the case in a few words, and not go through the evidence in detail. And this I may also say, that a county gentleman who may wish to qualify to act as a magistrate would learn more of the common law by serving one week on the Crown jury than by a whole year's reading of *Blackstone*, or any other text-book."

A Gloucester man, who took a house near the railway station, soon got for a neighbour a rising smith of most uncommon industry. The smith set up a steam-engine, and laboured in his vocation night and day, keeping up an astounding clatter, to the annoyance of Mr. Brown. Even Sunday was not kept quiet in this unceasing smithy: the scream of the engine being added to the other sounds and noises. But the counsel for the defence laughed at the idea of annoyance. After Sydney Smith he compared the engine-whistle to the scream of an attorney when first the devil catches hold of him; and dwelt with force on the laudable industry of the energetic smith. The above remarks on juries are pointed by the concluding proceedings in this case. The jury deliberated, and then turning round, the foreman said, in a timid voice, "We find for the plaintiff." Associate: "What damages do you find, gentlemen?" The Foreman: "No damages." The Judge said they must find some damages, though they were not asked for substantial damages, and that a shilling would do. They at once agreed to the shilling damages. The Judge refused to certify for costs, and thus each party will be left to pay his own costs.

A gentleman thrown from a coach heavily laden, and thereby permanently injured in the arm, has obtained 100*l.* damages against the coach proprietor, on the grounds that the coach was overladen, although a number of witnesses proved that the coach was duly examined, and that every care was taken to prevent accident.

At Manchester the railway authorities left the rails so "sloppy" at a place where fish is daily unloaded, that one of the trains moved on with unusual rapidity, and crushed a poor man to death. The silly jury returned a verdict of Accidental Death, "recommending that the rails should be kept in better order, so as to prevent the occurrence of similar accidents in future." The next "curiosity" in verdicts will be on a proved pickpocket—Accidental Larceny—"recommending that the prisoner should keep his hands in better order, so as to prevent the occurrence of similar accidents in future."

CRIMINAL RECORD.

MIGUEL ESCHIERA, a Spaniard, has murdered a boy gamekeeper near Hatfield. The murderer was secured by a dog, who held him fast until the other gamekeeper came up. The Spaniard is between thirty and forty years of age, and

is a native of Aragon. He has been a "tramp" for some time.

Doctor John Stokes, a physician, formerly of Dublin, and late of Herne Bay, got into pecuniary difficulties. He took tea with some friends at the Temple, and while doing so, took from his pocket a phial, and while conversing with them, mixed it with a glass of sherry. He leaned back and died. He had swallowed poison.

William Dean returned "home" on Sunday evening; his wife and daughter being in the house. He asked for his dinner, but as it was not supplied to him immediately, he seized the poker, and demolished the various articles in the place. He then attacked his wife, and using the poker, beat her most unmercifully, by which she was injured on her back, ribs, and arms. Her daughter came to her assistance, when Dean made a desperate attack upon her also, and jammed her violently between the street-door and side-post, by which her arm was severely bruised. He was repeating his violence, when their cries of "murder," &c., brought some neighbours and the police to their assistance, who took Dean to the station-house and locked him up. The wife was dangerously injured by the blows: she was not able to walk; her whole body was discoloured, and her eyes blackened. Dean has been in the habit of thus using his wife. He got a month's imprisonment some time ago for a similar assault. He has now been sentenced to three months in gaol.

One of the worst cases of this kind is recorded in Thursday's daily papers. John Welch, an Irish labourer, was charged with having beaten his wife. The wife was brought into court and placed on a chair in the witness box. A more horrible sight it was impossible to conceive than the woman presented, her face having been beaten and kicked into one mass of wounds and bruises. She said, speaking with great difficulty: "The prisoner is my husband. I have been married six years, and have three children, one a baby. About three o'clock to day I went out to sell some fruit in the street, to get food for my family. When I came in my husband was in the parlour. He asked me where I had been. I said I had been getting some fruit to sell to a customer. He said quietly, 'Come in.' I went into the room, when he locked the door, and without saying another word he knocked me down by a blow on the eye. While I was down he kicked me with his nailed shoes all over my body and face. He then twisted his hand in my hair, and hammered my head against the floor. I cried for mercy. I had my baby in my arms. I said, 'Show mercy to my poor baby.' He said he would show no mercy to me nor to my baby; he had only one life to lose; he had got six months before for me, and he would now have my life before he left the place. I put the baby down, fearing what might happen. My husband laid hold of a pail of water, and threw the water over me. He then seized an iron crow-bar, and beat me all round my body. I caught up the baby, and managed to get out of the room. He ran after me and threw a second pail of water over me, and then he rushed at me and knocked me down. A man came by at that moment and knocked my husband down. My husband got up, ran into the room, and locked the door." The landlady of the house said that the prisoner was constantly in the habit of beating his wife. The prisoner did not allow the wife anything for her support, but made her work like a horse to get money to keep herself and children. The wife said it was true that she received nothing out of her husband's wages. The same remedy as in the former conviction of the same man was again adopted: he has been sent to gaol "for six months."

THE WORKING CLASSES.

THE *Kidderminster* carpet weavers are still "out;" but new mechanical inventions are coming to the aid of the masters. A new carpet factory at Bromsgrove is also announced as a rival to Kidderminster, and available channel for new capital. The strike of the *Manchester* dyers, dressers, and finishers has checked the production of corduroys, fustians, &c. The pitmen of *Northumberland* and *Durham* demand higher wages and proper inspection of the pits. (Lord Palmerston had intended to legislate on the latter grievance, but "the late period of the session" frustrated his good intentions.) The smiths in *Deesport* dockyard complain with justice of a new arrangement. They are paid by piece-work, but their remuneration is not allowed to extend above a certain standard, although it is reduced below the standard whenever their work is small. The workers in the *London* building trade demand 6*d.* a day in addition to their present rate of 5*s.* The dock labourer's strike has ended without any advantage to the men, their riotous conduct deserving the failure. The city police demand higher pay, and their request is under consideration. The Paisley pattern drawers and print cutters make demands that appear unreasonable. They wish to limit the apprentices, and to insist on getting in the slack season an equal share of work with that given to journeymen. The Edinburgh cabmen ask 13*s.* and 15*s.* a week instead of 10*s.* and 13*s.*

We have but one "success" to record this week. The Leeds joiners have been partly successful in getting an additional hour of leisure on Saturday.

Facts showing general prosperity continue to turn up. The poor-rate for Birmingham for the current Michaelmas half year will be 5000*l.* less than it was last year. The Leeds Co-operative Flour Society is doing a business of 50,000*l.* yearly, and making 2000*l.* profit. The improvement of trade in the north of Ireland is very remarkable, even when compared with English progress. The demand for linens is good,

and the supply steady, both masters and men working well together. A new cotton mill will soon be at work in Belfast, but the present local demand for yarns would absorb the produce of half-a-dozen cotton mills.

Domestic servants—a class of our working people—are generally estimated as incompetent. A lady writing in the *Times* makes a suggestion towards a reform. She advises that the workhouses should become training schools for domestic servants, where each might be taught a branch of duty. "At present a young girl goes from a slatternly mother to act as helper or nurse in the house of a small farmer or tradesman, and after a year or two goes to a tradesman or farmer of higher degree. She then hires herself as servant to a gentleman's family in the capacity she thinks herself most fitted for. Now comes the tug of war—she has not been brought up as housemaid, laundress, cook, or anything, but she has a little smattering of all—always in her work because she has no method, wasteful because she has not been early taught the admirable economy of nature, where not an atom is lost, disrespectful through ignorance, dishonest in principle."

We print the following explanation of a very important wages movement among the London compositors:—

On the 1st of October last, the whole of the hands then engaged on the *Sun* were discharged, after having received the legal fortnight's notice, in order to have their places supplied by men who undertook to work on an entirely new system in the London daily paper trade. There was no complaint made by the employer with respect to the old hands, his reason for dismissing them, according to his own account, being simply that he might get his work done at a cheaper rate; and, as the terms he had to offer were at variance with the recognised mode of payment, he had not thought it worth while to come to any arrangement with his old hands before engaging new ones. He did, indeed, inquire whether the men then engaged belonged to the London Society of Compositors; and, on being told that they did, expressed his intention of getting persons who were non-society men. The London Society, being naturally desirous of doing all in its power to preserve a scale of payment which has been mutually acted upon by employer and employed for the last forty years, immediately issued addresses to the trades and the public of the metropolis, stating the facts of the case, and requesting their assistance to induce a return to the old system. The means suggested for bringing about this object were, the systematic discouragement of the circulation of the *Sun*, and a resolution not to deal with any establishment in which the *Sun* was taken in. The appeals made by the compositors to the public, backed by the energetic co-operation of some of the principal trades of the metropolis, have been so far successful, that a reduction of between 800 and 1000 has been effected in the circulation of the paper.

The above is a short summary of this strike—a strike, if so it can be called, not of the journeymen, but of the employer. And now, Sir, perhaps you will allow me a few words of explanation as to what constitutes the difference between the fair rate of payment and the "new system" thus introduced. Under the old plan, (that is, the mode pursued at all the fair daily paper offices in London,) a fixed amount of labour was given for a fixed sum of money, and any quantity done over that amount was paid for extra. By the "new system" introduced by those who supplanted their fellow workmen, no definite quantity of work is done for a week's wages, but each individual does as much as his ability will allow him to produce. The natural consequence of such a mode of working as this is, of course, to confine the chance of obtaining employment to the younger and quicker hands in the business; for, as it is to the interest of the employer to get as much work out of each man as possible, he would most assuredly only engage those who were able to do a large quantity. Instead of, as is now, every man being upon an equality, according to his mental and physical ability, the aged and less efficient would be punished with loss of work for an infirmity over which they have no control. But this portion of the "new system," there is some consolation in thinking, will no doubt be made the means of punishing those who have introduced it, for they may rest assured, that as soon as their employer finds that they are, through age or any other cause, unable to perform what he may conceive to be an adequate quantity of work, they will be unhesitatingly discharged to make room for those who can. That he will have no compunction for them on the score of the number of years they may have worked for him, is proved by the fact, that some of the compositors lately dismissed had been thirty years in the office.

MISCELLANEOUS.

QUEEN VICTORIA has been active among her soldiers and sailors. On Saturday she went to the camp with Prince Albert; and on Thursday she was present at the grand naval display at Spithead. On Monday she held a Court, and received the Duchess of Leuchtenberg, and gave audiences to Lord Aberdeen, Lord Granville, and Sir James Graham.

Ministers dine to day, on whitebait, at the Trafalgar, Greenwich.

The Opposition oppose bribery! Mr. Walpole's Bill to consolidate and amend the laws relating to bribery, corrupt treating, and intimidation at elections, has been printed. It is proposed that it shall come into operation on the 1st of November. Besides the name of Mr. Walpole, the

will bears the names of Mr. Disraeli and Sir Frederick Thesiger. There are twenty-six provisions in the measure. On the day of nomination, a candidate is to make a declaration that he has not been, and will not be, a party to bribery, treating, or undue influence; and every elector, if required, is to make a declaration that he has not, directly or indirectly, received or had any sum of money, office, or employment. False declarations to be wilful perjury.

The committee appointed to consider the case of Lieutenant Englede, dismissed for disobeying orders, and restored by the Derby Admiralty, have reported that they do not consider his restoration a judicious proceeding.

The Bishop of Durham "charged" his clergy, at a visitation, on Tuesday. He advised theological study in preference to visits to parishioners, except when parishioners were ill, characterised the proper operation of the Ecclesiastical Commission as impracticable, and explained his own dealings with that body. By his account it appears that, in addition to the regular surrender of the surplus demanded by the Commissioners, he has voluntarily given 60,887. 6s. 2d., in gifts, through them, through Mr. Gresley, and by his own hands.

The Earl of Warwick, an old man of seventy-five, died at Warwick Castle on Wednesday. His son, Lord Brooke, takes the title, and vacates his seat for the southern division of Warwickshire.

Mr. Edward Davis, the sculptor, had the honour of submitting on Monday last, to Prince Albert, his group in relief of the Virgin and Child.

The programme of the Royal visit to Dublin is now set forth on good authority. The Queen will proceed to Holyhead upon the afternoon of Saturday, the 27th, and spend that night and the following Sunday on board the Royal yacht. On Monday morning, before break of day, the Royal party will leave for Kingstown, where it is expected they will arrive at an early hour in the forenoon. Her Majesty will then make a state entry into the Irish metropolis, and proceed thence to the Viceregal Lodge, where she will remain during her sojourn in Ireland. Her stay will be protracted till the following Saturday. The Queen will be accompanied by Prince Albert, who has perfectly recovered from his recent illness, and probably by the Royal children.

The trade of Dublin is improving. The customs duties received at the port of Dublin for the week before last were 9000*l.* over the corresponding period of last year, occasioned by large payments on tea, tobacco, and refined sugar. The sum on the latter being 2700*l.*, nearly equal to the payments on raw sugar, which were 2850*l.*; tobacco, 5100*l.*; tea, 6500*l.*; coffee, 100*l.*; wine, 1600*l.*; spirits, 650*l.*; miscellaneous, 350*l.*

The Agricultural and Cattle Show at Killarney, opened this week by the Lord Lieutenant, is considered successful. The stock exhibited is of a very superior quality, generally speaking. Competent judges have declared to day that the short-horned class, especially, both bulls, cows, and heifers, are not inferior to those exhibited at any other show, either in England or Ireland. The Devon section is better filled, and among the animals exhibited in it there are some very fine specimens. Of the class of small and mountain breeds, including Ayrshires, West Highlands, and Kermies, many are of a superior order. The show of horses of various descriptions is more numerous than at any former exhibition; the majority of them are of an excellent quality, and elicited much praise. Some of the class of heavy draught horses are remarkably fine. The exhibition of sheep, both in number and quality, is at least an average one, and many of the specimens in the different classes are highly creditable to the breeders.

The Dublin Exhibition is increasing in its success. Over eleven thousand persons visited it on Monday.

The vacancies in the National Board of Education in Ireland have been filled up by the appointment of Mr. Hatchell, late Attorney-General for Ireland, and Mountford Longfield, Esq., LL.D., one of the Commissioners of the Encumbered Estates Court, and Bishop Higgins, Bishop of Limerick.

The picnic parties of Dublin, an important "interest," will note with pleasure the completion of the railway from Dundrum to Bray, leading from a city suburb to the pleasure districts of Wicklow. The line will be opened for traffic when it is completed into the city.

Dr. Cahill, remarkable for delivering clever, scientific lectures, and writing long polemical letters, has had a public entertainment in Dublin. The *Morning Post* correspondent reports:—"The chair was taken by Mr. John O'Connell, who seems to have postponed to some future period (not as yet decided on) the interesting scene of 'dying on the floor of the House,' as I have not seen the learned gentleman for a long time in better health and spirits. The Rev. Dr. Cahill, in a speech much more remarkable for its duration than its eloquence, decanted on the important part he played in the diplomacy of Europe, and informed his audience that he had hurled Lord John Russell from power, defeated the designs of Lord Palmerston, and, in fact, stood as the umpire in the great question of peace or war."

The English Protestant missionaries proceed in their injudicious practice of preaching against Romanism in the open streets of towns inhabited mainly by Roman Catholics. After causing a riot in Limerick they proceeded to Mallow, where the disturbance was less; though the clerical costume of the party attracted hostile attention. The Rev. Mr. Adey, in a letter to the *British Banner*, ascribes his own escape from ill-usage to the circumstance of his "wearing an Albert-tie," so that he was taken for a simple English gentleman. He adds:—"Life is unsafe in Limerick; and the Protestant resident ministers have been grossly insulted this day in the streets."

In America science admirably aids trade. The movement has reached England. Lieutenant Maury, the United States officer, who has instituted many examinations of tides, winds, and currents, explained his design and aim at Liverpool on Saturday. Sea captains are furnished with

charts which they fill up according to their daily observation during their voyage. These observations require no more time than is usually given to the proper conduct of a vessel at sea. The latitude and longitude must be daily stated, and the duration and character of the winds for the three parts of the day. The thermometrical and barometrical observations, and such other remarks as navigators choose to make, must also be taken. There are two sets of charts. One set represents the routes which vessels are accustomed to pursue across the ocean in the various months of the year, the direction and force of the wind for each day being designated by colours and symbols, so that the navigator may find at any time of the year the track of some vessel which has been before him. Another set of charts, smaller and more enigmatical, is made up of a system of circles. The ocean is divided into spaces five degrees square, five of latitude by five of longitude; and, through whatever square a vessel passes and reports the wind to blow in a certain direction, it is assumed to be blowing from that quarter at that instant all over the square. When the observations for each square are obtained they are classed according to the months; and after they have got three or four, and perhaps in some instances as many as 1800 observations on the same months of different years, but for the same square, they can calculate the averages and the prevailing direction of the winds in that square for that month. Thus the whole ocean is comprehended, and, having the advantage of the experience of others, a captain can sometimes judiciously turn out of his way, and make a shorter passage, because he can see at once where he may expect certain winds. Foreign sea-captains will be furnished with their charts by the American Government, as it is a system of mutual operation and benefit.

A new railway to Portsmouth will in fact make a direct communication between London and Portsmouth. It commences at Godalming, on the South Western line, and ends at Havant on the Brighton railway. It will require one hundred bridges, and 2000 or 3000 workmen will be employed on it for two years.

Ocean steam-ships of enormous size are to be placed on the Australian route by the Eastern Steam Company. They will be 680 feet long, 83 feet wide, and of 2600 nominal horse power. They will take all their coal with them from the first, and will make no stay in the passage. The voyage to Australia can thus be done in thirty-six days, and that to India in thirty-three days. The Cape of Good Hope line will be chosen.

Alexander von Humboldt speaks highly of the projected oceanic canal between the Pacific and the Atlantic. "It will render the whole globe more easy to be travelled over; this little globe, of which Christopher Columbus, in one of his letters to the Queen of Spain, said, 'El mundo es poco.'"

The *Great Britain* steamer has left for Australia, carrying 364 passengers and 600 tons.

Quack doctors thrive in England. The census of 1841 showed 21,435 persons practising one or more departments of medicine without qualification. The youth and sex of some of the practitioners was also remarkable. In Birmingham there was one "herbalist" under 20 years of age, 2 "keepers of lunatic asylums" under 20, 14 female leech-bleeders, and 1 female physician. 1 female "dentist" in Taunton, a "physician" in Norwich under 20, 2 "medicine vendors" in the Tower Hamlets under 20, 1 "midwife" in Preston under 20, 1 "physician" in Canterbury under 20, 2 "physicians" in Bristol under 20, a female "chemist and druggist" in Colchester under 20, 1 "physician" in Darlington under 20, and 1 female "surgeon" in Cornwall under 20.

"There is some hoarding of gold coin," says the *Morning Chronicle*, evidently in an accusative mood. "Whilst we have returns of 24,000,000*l.* of gold having been received from Australia within a certain period, we have accounts of only 14,000,000*l.* having been absorbed. There is thus 10,000,000*l.* unaccounted for. Some, probably the greater portion of this has been shipped privately to the Continent, but some has also found its way into the hands of the humbler classes of society, by whom it is being hoarded, and, although in small sums, must necessarily in the aggregate prove a heavy amount."

The honour of knighthood has been conferred on two doctors this week, who are now Sir John Forbes and Sir James Bardsley of Manchester.

The favourite colours of Mexican and American ladies are indicated in the trade orders. In printed linen lawns the colours are "bright and showy for Mexico, and for America, blue, chocolate, purple, and pink."

Mr. Shaw refused to pay a cabman sixpence additional for the time he was kept waiting at a door. The cabman ascertained by a clock opposite that the time was a quarter of an hour; but Mr. Shaw was "sure" it was only ten minutes, and said that the cabman could not see the clock. The magistrate himself testified that the cabman could see the clock. He had to pay in added fare, and costs for two summonses (the first not being attended to), 10s. 6d., a round sum for refusing to pay what was fair.

The tables regulating fares for hackney carriages have now been issued. They must be posted inside and outside the vehicles.

Birmingham is now connected with the Submarine European Telegraph. The tariff of charges has been reduced. The former amount of 2s. 6d. being reduced to 1s., the 1s. 3d. additional charge for each ten words above the minimum of twenty having been changed to a tariff of 6d. for each additional ten words, or fraction of ten words.

Perforated postage-stamps are a new invention. The sheet of postage-stamps is perforated with little holes, close together, in lines, separating each stamp from the other: so that with the hand each stamp can be taken away with ease. For the invention of the design and the apparatus the Government has paid the inventor 4000*l.*

The House of Commons has voted 30,000*l.*, to defray the expense of carrying out an independent line of telegraph communication.

A new English expedition for the exploration of the Niger is contemplated. It will be directed to the promotion of civilization in Africa, and the opening up of new sources of commerce.

Postscript.

SATURDAY, August 13.

THE Tory Lords attempted last night to force explanations from the Government as to the state of the negotiations; but though Lord Malmesbury made a very pretentious oration, in which he took to himself the credit of the peace, on the ground that he had invented the alliance with Louis Napoleon, Lord Clarendon refused to give any further explanations. He made a long justificatory oration; but in reality he said nothing. In fact, the point of his speech was in what he did not say; he did not deny the assumption which Lord Malmesbury had ventured on—that there was no paragraph in the joint Vienna note insisting on the evacuation of Moldo-Wallachia; and the obvious inference, therefore, is, that there no such stipulation has been made. How, then, are the Russians to be got rid of?

From Vienna the telegraph indicates the condition of the Sultan's acceptance of the compromise:—"A special envoy, who is to inform the Czar of the Sultan's decision, is to leave for St. Petersburg as soon as the Russian troops shall have been ordered to evacuate the Principalities of the Danube." [Our readers will see that this is exactly the reverse of the course anticipated by the *Morning Post*.]

The latest news from the Principalities is dated "Bucharest, July 30."—"Prince Gortschakoff, Commander-in-Chief of the Russian army in the Principalities, arrived here yesterday. The Greek bishops called to pay their respects to him. They conversed with the General on the subject of the three protectorates of the Holy Sepulchre. Prince Gortschakoff treated them with greater kindness than he had shown even to the Hospodar."

Mr. Fitzroy, Under-Secretary of State for the Home Department, is indisposed. He has been obliged to leave town.

Mr. George Appleton Wallis has been elected Sheriff of London.

The Bridgewater Will case has been partly decided. The Earl of Bridgewater's will left the family estates to Lord Alford, on condition that within five years after Lord Alford succeeded to his father's title (Earl Brownlow) he should obtain a Marquisate. Lord Alford inherited the estates, but died without becoming a Marquis. His son now claims the property, opposed by the heir next in remainder. There are two points: one is, whether the condition relative to the Marquisate is, for Lord Alford's son, a condition precedent or subsequent to the possession of the estates. With the exception of Mr. Judge Crompton, (junior judges,) all the judges decided that the condition was a condition precedent, as regarded the heirs of Lord Alford. The other point is, whether the proviso regarding the Marquisate is void or not. One side argues that it is contrary to public policy, as a kind of peerage-brokerage, offering temptations to attempt, by all or any means, the obtaining of a Marquisate. This opinion was confirmed by the judgment of ten judges. Baron Alderson and Judge Crompton held the contrary opinion, saying that the law could only look at the fact, and not judge public policy. The case is before the House of Lords, and enlightened by these opinions the House will decide the question in a few days.

The great Braintree Church-rates case has been decided. The point was, whether a rate made by the minority of a vestry (the majority having refused to make the rate) is valid. The House of Lords has decided that it is not.

The real character of "Smith"—the pretender to the Gloucestershire Baronetcy—has been clearly proved before the Magistrate. The Oxford-street engraver swears that Smith asked him to make the miniature frame "in such a manner as if it had been done for years; and after the work had been done he complained that it looked like new work." Respectable witnesses disproved the *resemblance* of the signatures to the deed. Noah Crook swore that "Smith" was a schoolmaster in Bath, in 1814; he could remember him by the mark on his neck. Ann Heath, daughter of John Provis, swore that Smith was "her brother Thomas" who had been married to Mary Ann Whittick, and who she had heard had been in Ilchester gaol for horsetealing. On this evidence "Smith," alias Provis, has been committed for forgery.

Joseph Rattenstein, an officer in the Hungarian army, whom Kosuth treated with kindness on account of his bravery, has been accused of forging documents testifying to his own character, and of fraud, in making false representations to Lord Dudley Stuart and others. He has been remanded for further examination.

The usual incident—a brutal beating of a woman—appears in the morning papers. An inoffensive woman, passing the streets, refuses the companionship of a stranger, who therefore strikes her a terrible blow on the eye, felling her senseless to the ground. On recovering sensation she was totally blind; and on being removed to the hospital was attacked with erysipelas. She has partially recovered, but the sight of the wounded eye is totally lost. The usual punishment was awarded—"severe remarks by the magistrate," and "six months imprisonment."

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

It is impossible to acknowledge the mass of letters we receive. Their insertion is often delayed, owing to a press of matter; and when omitted, it is frequently from reasons quite independent of the merits of the communication. No notice can be taken of anonymous communications. Whatever is intended for insertion must be authenticated by the name and address of the writer; not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of his good faith. We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. All letters for the Editor should be addressed to 7, Wellington-street, Strand, London. Communications should always be legibly written, and on one side of the paper only. If long, it increases the difficulty of finding space for them.

The Leader

SATURDAY, AUGUST 13, 1853.

Public Affairs.

There is nothing so revolutionary, because there is nothing so unnatural and convulsive, as the strain to keep things fixed when all the world is by the very law of its creation in eternal progress.—DR. ARNOLD.

RATIONALE OF GOVERNMENT, NOT BY BENTHAM.

THE journal which represents the mind of the late Government has devoted itself with some system to the exposition of a theoretical optimism of a novel kind. The three countries, Russia, the United States, and England, are taken as types of states, "Each representing a distinct and powerful principle,—despotism, democracy, and aristocracy,—each principle completely adapted to the circumstances with which respectively it has to deal." Thus, Russia is painted as being of vast size, rudely peopled, and depending for unity on the sovereign power. "Incapable themselves of self-government, the supremacy of the nobility would reduce it to the former state of Poland." The syntax throws some obscurity on the relation of the word "themselves;" but we can guess at it. Now no one knows what he can do till he tries, and as neither the Russian nobles nor the people have yet had an opportunity of trying self-government, we cannot presume their incapability. If there is any party in Russia whose incapacity for self-government is proved, it is no other party than Nicholas himself. He gets into a passion, tries to steal a state, inflicts war upon a whole community, and performs thus the functions allotted to him by our contemporary, the *Press*, of affording "the best security for the means of civilization!" There is, however, hope for Russia, partly in the progress of opinion amongst her nobles, whose continued toleration of government under a tyrant representing a ruder state of society, is a question only of time. There is much also in the dawning sense of intelligence, strength, and will, which is noticeable amongst the Russians. A further cause for ultimate change—change in itself a hopeful thing for Russia—lies in the gradual development of different interests for different sections of that heterogeneous empire—with its trading capacities around the Baltic, stunted now by imperial despotism; with its great Exile interests in Siberia, gradually stretching forth towards a congenial republic in America; and its Slavonian commercial-military interests towards the South.

America with "her boundless lands," "peopled by men trained in the experience of an ancient and highly civilized country, without public debts or pauperism," is an easy object for complimentary optimism; but what are we to understand from a writer whose capricious fancy chooses to represent America, not only "without traditions," but "without classes, and without institutions." Has the writer never heard of "the upper ten?" Has he never seen the volume embodying the state constitutions? Does he not know that the common law is identical with that of his own country?

But it is in England that his fancy runs riot. Starting with the assumption that a real aristocracy can only be established on the land, his object is to show that the aristocracy of England is the only one left:

"There are in other countries bodies of men who call

themselves aristocracies, but they are, in fact, only bits of ribbon, precious stones, and plumes of feathers. Our manners, even more than our laws, have made the aristocracy of this country mainly rest on the land. Its possession being free, and easily attainable, as is proved by the number of considerable estates always in the market, the accumulated fortunes of every species of enterprise have been deposited in the soil. The greatest names of manufacturing Lancashire, Peel and Arkwright, have invested their capital in the land. In our own time the prince of British merchants has stepped out of his counting-house in Bishopsgate-street, and, purchasing estates in almost every county, has founded one of the wealthiest peerages in our golden book. The banking treasures of Lombard-street repose under the coronets of Londesborough, of Carington, and of Overstone. The only great man whom the Stock Exchange has produced, Mr. Ricardo, divided his million among three counties, and founded three parliamentary families."

The fact is, that these instances of great families are an exception, unless we were to regard Mr. Cobden and many other persons of less aristocratic objects, as the founders of a landed aristocracy. The change which has taken place is exactly one of the opposite kind. Our own landed aristocracy, disregarding its social duties, heedless of its position in the state, has mortgaged its lands for luxurious habits; abdicated its proud position, and now would not dare to make the attempt at recovering that position in a state which can only be held by force either of intellect or arm. To the paid army the aristocracy has yielded the possession of the sword; to the professions, it has yielded the supremacy of intelligence; to trade, the supremacy of wealth. The purchase which the writer notices is partly exceptional; partly also it proves the extent to which land has become a marketable commodity. The true explanation of the matter is, that trade is putting "a man in possession" of that marketable commodity which land has become; and the aristocracy, losing its place in the senate, in the field, and on the land, unable to sustain the encumbrances of its luxury, is selling off, and its members are moving to some smaller and obscurer abode.

Peace go with them. We owe them no grudge. They have won for us many of those things which have made us great. If we reproach them with anything, it is with neglecting one or two of their duties, the neglecting of which involves forfeiture of place. They ought either to have held a sort of chivalry with a strong mailed hand of old, and to have kept down every change in the country, preserving it to its bold barons; or to have devoted themselves with a real heart to the work of keeping pace with the knowledge which has advanced since the days of bold baronhood, and then they might have preserved the start which fortune has given them. There is one weakness, and one alone, that has destroyed our aristocracy, and that is nothing greater or more respectable than laziness. There is one virtue,—and perhaps our prejudice permits us to say one virtue alone, which is enabling the so-called aristocracy of trade to take the vacant place, and that is the virtue of diligence. Quiet as the times may be, we have not yet arrived at the *régime* of positive science, of true democracy, or of any other perfectionated system; and the qualities of the trading *régime* are such as to leave us not without regrets for the rougher kind to which it has superseded, if we were also without hopes for the times beyond. But what help does the old aristocracy—its bold barons represented by incapable Winchileases, or culinary Malmesburys—afford us for reaching those better times?

The writer in the *Press* proposes to preserve the aristocratic institution, which he dreams to survive; and as an inducement, he observes that "the House of Commons has lost in popularity, and public confidence, in proportion as the return of popular candidates has multiplied." This is a remarkable fact, but one the solution of which involves no profound inquiry. It is to be remembered that we have not a popular franchise; candidates are returned, not by the people, but by a class. The aristocracy has helped the middle class, which is more numerous than the aristocracy, to restrict the franchise to the limit of that middle class; thus making the representative Chamber represent alone that class in the country which is most anti-aristocratic—which most hates the lordly, and also retains most grudges against the people. No wonder

then that it is unpopular. Hence, the hopelessness of inducing Parliament to have any living care for national interests, or for any interests but those of class, for any measures but those of the day. If, indeed, our aristocracy would use the remaining life that there is in it for a last appeal to the people—if it would make common cause with the people, then we might break the narrow bonds of class; and that class itself which is now anti-national and anti-popular, would be restored to its true place as a part of the community; and, united with other classes, it might recover its interest in the welfare and dignity of the State.

THE LORDS AND THE COMBINATION LAW.

IN throwing out the Bill to explain the law relating to combination of workmen, we believe that the House of Lords have acted upon misinformation, but to the best of their judgment. It would appear, from the general course of debate, that the person who really procured the rejection of the Bill was Lord Truro; to whom the Lord Chancellor, as it were, sang second,—one sustained ditto to his first. Lord Hardwicke, the other opponent of the Bill, objected that it was prepared as if its objects were to make combinations the order of the day. It is a disadvantage to argue upon reports so imperfect as those before us; for if we knew more of what Lord Hardwicke said, we might perhaps be able to suggest that there are combinations which it would be very desirable to facilitate. Nothing can be more conducive to a good understanding between masters and men than any machinery which would enable them to come to an understanding between themselves, in the first instance. If working men could collect their own opinions, and masters could collect their own, a common understanding might be effected more readily between the two sides than under present circumstances. A good law which would permit peaceful combinations, leaving assault or intimidation to the ordinary police-law, would do more for peace than one which is now involved in a double judicial obscurity, and leaves each side to circumvent and bully the other as it best may.

It is in Lord Truro's briefly reported speech that we find the most like a tangible objection to the measure. He enlarged upon the "peaceful persuasion" as a dangerous thing, and asked, whether, under such words as were used in the bill, the greatest amount of force and coercion might not be employed? We do not deny that there are pettyfoggish lawyers who can construe peaceful persuasion to mean violent coercion; but that the lawyers do so arises from the doubtful construction of statutes framed by themselves, and from the licence which the profession enjoys of twisting words against common sense in the application of the law. In the brief Bill which we quoted on the 9th of July last, and which we now reproduce, the language is sufficiently clear for persons of sense, and if the lawyers were kept out of court, any intellectual and upright judge, and any twelve men, could test the facts by that statute.

"Whereas, an act was passed in the sixth year of the reign of King George IV., entitled 'An Act to repeal the laws relating to the Combination, and to make other Provisions in lieu thereof;' and whereas doubts have arisen as to the construction of the said act. Be it therefore enacted, by the Queen's most excellent Majesty, by and with the advice and consent of the Lords, spiritual and temporal, and Commons, in this present Parliament assembled, and by the authority of the same, and it is hereby declared, that masters, employers, workmen, or other persons, who shall enter into any combination to advance or to lower, or to fix the rate of their wages, or to lessen or alter the hours, or duration, of the time of their working, or workmen who shall, by peaceable persuasion, and without any intimidation of any kind whatsoever, endeavour to induce others to abstain from work, in order to obtain the rate of wages, or the altered hours of labour, so fixed or agreed upon, or to be agreed upon, shall not be deemed or taken to be guilty of 'molestation' or 'obstruction,' within the meaning of the said act, and shall not, therefore, be subject or liable to any indictment or prosecution for conspiracy. Provided always, that nothing herein contained shall authorize any attempt to induce any workman to break or depart from any contract or engagement."

But the most cogent objection by Lord Truro was, that there was no necessity for the law, and he put the case thus:—

"This bill professed to be called for in consequence

of a difference of opinion on the part of the judges as to the construction of the present act, but, after the strictest inquiry, he had been unable to discover that any such difference of opinion ever existed. Two judges had construed the statute with reference to two entirely different cases, in which the same facts were not involved, and the mistake lay in supposing that their decisions were applicable to the same point. There was, therefore, no call for the present bill. The law as it now stood made liable to prosecution for conspiracy persons who were guilty of coercion, molestation, or obstruction of workmen with reference to the wages of labour, or the hours of labour, and the object of the present bill was to declare that the peaceable persuasion of workmen by others should not be held as molestation or obstruction. But he put it to their lordships whether, in the event of a number of men waiting upon another man day by day, walking with him to his work in the morning, and home from his work in the evening, and besetting him at all times when it was possible to do so, for the purpose of 'peaceably persuading' him to follow any particular course, that might not in reality amount to molestation or obstruction; and whether, under such words as were here used, the greatest amount of force and coercion might not be employed? If their lordships should agree to read the bill a second time, was any noble lord prepared in committee to define the meaning of the words 'peaceable persuasion'? If nothing but peaceable persuasion were intended it was legal to employ it now, and the bill was unnecessary. If, on the other hand, it was meant, under cover of the words 'peaceable persuasion,' to give legality to acts which were at present illegal, the bill was one which their lordships ought not to pass."

It is a very unfortunate law, however, which derives a new colour from new circumstances. We have seen an Indian juggler cast a colourless dust upon a colourless ground, where the dust assumed a variety of forms and tints; but that English law should possess that faculty of metamorphosis, and that those who have it in their hands, unless they possess the juggling power of the barrister or the judge, should be unable to tell how it may look at last, is about the very worst quality that any law can possess. When lawyers are uncertain about a document, the judge pronounces it "void for uncertainty;" by the same rule, the public might declare the existing law of combination to be void.

Lord Truro, however, is mistaken in supposing that the difficulty with the working classes lies in not knowing how to apply the same law to different circumstances. The difficulty consists in a thing essentially different; it consists in what the two judges have severally pronounced to be a principle in the law; we put the two expressions as they are reported together.

Mr. Baron Rolfe (Combination of Iron Trades, Liverpool Assizes, 1847)—"If the workmen in assembling had no other object than to persuade one another that it was their interest not to work except for certain wages, or not to work under certain wages, or unless certain regulations were complied with, that was not an illegal object, provided it was sought in a peaceable manner."

Mr. Justice Erle (Wolverhampton Tin-plate Workers, Stafford Assizes, 1851)—"Where persons combined together to obstruct and molest a master manufacturer, in order to enforce him to alter his mode of carrying on his business, and in pursuance of that object combined to persuade other men to leave his employ, that being an overt act, was an indictable offence."

Now, it is impossible, for any understanding, to receive these two statements of one law, as fairly describing the same law, whatever the variation of the circumstances. Casting the circumstances entirely out of the account, we find that Mr. Baron Rolfe pronounces that persuasion is "not an illegal object;" whereas, Mr. Justice Erle declares that persuasion is an "indictable offence." It is true, that in the last sentence, Mr. Justice Erle is talking about molestation of a master; but the persuasion only applies to the act of one workman upon another, and does not, in his statement, presuppose any violence in the persuasion.

Under the explanation of Mr. Justice Erle, it would be illegal for twelve working men to try to persuade a thirteenth to leave his master, because that would be obstructing or molesting the master. Practically we find, that twelve masters can combine or persuade a thirteenth to suspend his works, in order, for example, to throw workmen out of employment, and thus to prevent some object of those workmen. This, as it is at present construed, the law permits to the masters what it prohibits to the men, under penalty

recoverable by criminal process, and one judge has declared that to be not illegal, which another pronounces to be indictable. This law, we say, is obscure, fallacious, and misleading.

We have said that the House of Lords, probably, acted to the best of their judgment; but it is unfortunate that they should have suffered their judgment to be led by Lord Truro in the case. He is an accomplished lawyer, and might, perhaps, if there were sufficient motive for fastening his attention upon a particular point of law, explain the distinctions with a greater knowledge of cases, and keener perceptions, than most men wise in a wig. But it has not been his province to consider the social, still less, we believe, the political bearing of such laws as enable class to press upon class, and, therefore, when the House trusted to his high legal attainments, they mistook one species of learning for another. It is still more unfortunate, that the upper Chamber of the Legislature shows itself to be so very remote from the great body of the people, that positively it does not understand the bearing of the statutes which it assists in making, upon the interests, the daily avocations, and the conduct of the people. It does not understand the difficulties which the people find in obeying and claiming the protection of the laws; and it refuses to amend its statutes so as to render them more intelligible to the body of the people whose obedience is exacted. The people are willing to be governed; but what they want to know is, the rule by which they are governed, and how they may observe it. The House of Lords, not understanding the wants or feelings of the people, not having sufficient motive to fix attention upon the point, leaves it all to Lord Truro, and does as he says. We have never joined in the cry once raised by very moderate politicians, to pull down "the House of Incurables;" but we do say, that if the Peers desire their institution to be revered, they have selected the most unfortunate method of winning the reverence of the working class.

ENGLAND AS SHE IS REPRESENTED IN PARIS.

LAST week the *Times* devoted three articles to American subjects. The first was that sneering aggression on the Crystal Palace of New York, which we noticed, followed up two days later by a just and complimentary acknowledgment of the practical businesslike attention to the diplomatic arrangements of the American Government, and on Saturday there was an emphatic acknowledgment of the assistance given by the American Government to our own in maintaining order and peace upon that most difficult of frontiers—the waters where fishermen of the two countries meet in rivalry. Perhaps if America deigns to weigh the opinions of the *Times*, she may set the compliment against the sarcasms, and find that there is a balance of tribute left for her after all.

And if it pleased her she might retaliate in excellent style, especially for that Crystal Palace article. Those who live in glass houses, it is said, should not throw stones; but some houses may be worse than a glass house, and we may look at home. Not to enter into any comparisons where young America beats her old parent, let us see the confession, applicable in many ways, of the state into which the British embassy at Paris has been suffered to fall. An architect has recently been sent to report the facts, and Sir William Molesworth tells the round unvarnished tale without disguise.

Let us pause for a moment and consider what an embassy is. It is the residence of that functionary who represents the character, the resources, the power of the State; who holds in the particular spot the influence of that State. The embassy in question was in the capital of that other country which shares with England the foremost place in Europe. Between England and France there have been, of late years, misunderstandings to be regretted. The two countries have misconceived each other; but France especially had learned to think that England had abandoned all pride in herself; had suffered her own institutions to fall into contempt; had withdrawn all her means, or was inclined to do so, from State purposes for mere trading, and had, in short, fallen in a condition of mind which would make her let the renown, the influence, and the strength of England go to rack and ruin abroad, rather than take money out of the shop. That was the

French misconception of the English character prevalent in the capital where our Ambassador resides. Now, let us look at his house.

We will begin outside. "The verandah around the house had fallen down: the walls were in a state of decay"—the embassy emulating the decayed mansion of some decayed Irish squireen! The English, however, are great in the dining-room—that is their strong ground; if they have not French magnificence and show, yet they have plainness, strict decorum, and good cheer. But, alas! "the dining-room especially was in a most dilapidated state." Comfort is characteristic of the British home. We have "the best of everything;" we hate rags and dirt, and like to make it appear in every part of the house that we can pay our way; can afford good wages for our servants; but, above all, we are a clean people;—yes, the French are dirty, and the English are clean; and yet, what must be the French idea of English manners and customs, when they see the house thus described? "The house had not been painted for several years; the staircases were unsafe; the drains were exhaling a most offensive effluvia." It is really becoming painful: one begins to be alarmed for what may come next, and remember we are in the home of the English Ambassador, the impersonation of decorous, well-to-do England. What, then, is our horror when we learn that "maggots are in every place, on the furniture, on the curtains?" Such are the manners and customs of the English, as represented at Paris in that most authentic of theatres, the British embassy. But there is worse even yet—"The rooms are full of vermin, which are running over the tables."

Is not this an astounding account of the manners and customs of British ambassadors! What can they think of it in France? What will they think of it in America, where the Government puts forth such exceedingly judicious instructions for plain and decorous conduct? The Republican is advised not to cultivate showy magnificence of apparel or lavish expenditure; but, we make no doubt, that he has a house in which it is safe to go up stairs; that you are not reminded at every turn of the most unmentionable resorts; that the domestic animals are made to know their places; that the dining-room is fit to dine in, the curtains safe to lean against, and the tables not an abomination for the hand to rest upon.

There has been a comparatively recent reform at the British embassy in Paris, of a character as extraordinary as any of these unreformed institutions. By virtue of this reform the dining-room is used as a chapel, and, incredible as it may appear, there is really a gain to decency in the arrangement; for previously the chapel was the ball-room; divine service and profane service possessing an alternate domain.

After such a confession as this from our Minister of Public Works, with what countenance is the American likely to read the attacks upon his own Crystal Palace? What impression is any unread Frenchman likely to entertain as to the character of the great English nation! The English journalist satirizes the Americans for not being up to time in the preparations of their Crystal Palace, but as yet they have not suffered years to slip by without repairing or even cleaning their principal embassy.

THE INDIGNANT VIRTUE OF THE BAR.

WHEN Mr. Bovill threw up his brief (and returned his fees) in the Smyth case, on Wednesday last, he did so, he informs us, from a sense of what was due to himself and to his profession. The baronet who had seduced him from his hearth into the crowded court turned out to be a flagrant impostor, of miscellaneous parentage, and limited education. At least "Sir Richard," whatever his claim to title or estate, had begun to look very like a liar, and though fraud has often, as in the case of religion, been employed by zealous fools in support of truth, it certainly is an awkward thing for a gentleman suddenly to find himself advocating apparent injustice, or helping an obvious swindler to oust the fatherless and the widows out of their homes. Mr. Bovill, therefore, met with copious approbation. A weary judge, who thought he might have been quicker, still complimented him on being so quick, and an intelligent jury, too respectable to love scandal, were glad to find a painful and disgusting case speedily closed. "Sir Richard" was, undoubtedly, a rogue; in fact, as it was proved, a rogue who, in early life, had narrowly escaped the hangman. Mr. Bovill abbreviated the period

between that discovery and "Sir Richard's" transportation, and so it seems, the bar is vindicating itself in the eyes of the public, and Mr. Bovill is winning consideration for the profession. But how, impartial laymen ask, is this? An honourable profession lets logic out for hire, and judging very properly that the majority of litigants are blockheads, provides them with a number of gentlemen (whose ears are concealed, and whose heads are kept cool, by means of horsehair), to be the exponents of their grievances, and to state to thirteen individuals, one of whom knows something about the law, what is the grievance they complain of. The gentlemen of the honourable profession are the patrons, the persons of the litigious turn of mind the clients, but the gentlemen of the honourable profession gracefully lessen the obligation of the litigants by accepting an honorarium for their disinterested services. At this point the barrister, having received his fee, and not having been offered any other case to attend to, goes into court as the cool exponent of his client's wrongs. His duty is to state the case entrusted to him, and to require that either it be fully met, or that its claim, whatever that may be, be at once conceded. Such a duty any man can honourably, and to the uttermost, perform. Why should he throw up his brief, when he stands there soliciting the opposite side, if they can, to trip up his case? Had he chivalrously taken it up from mere love of the right, and from a lofty conviction that he ought to battle for the wronged, one could understand his disgust as new lights broke in upon his mind, and the suspicion crossed him that his sheep was a wolf ill disguised. It would be some insult to the judge, to the jury, and to the opposing counsel, to suppose that they could not see the truth as well as he, but the sentiment would be pretty and the action only absurd.

But Mr. Bovill does not profess to be chivalrous in these matters. No barrister couches his lance till he has ascertained his fee; and we must question the right of any mercenary to take the hire, and then cultivate the scruple. A Quaker we can very much admire; but a battlefield convert to that persuasion is scarcely an estimable object.

For look at the results. Granted, "Sir Richard" is an unmitigated scoundrel. Were his counsel in any way, except by their own act, identified with his scoundrelism? All that they had undertaken, if they were honorable men, was to co-operate with the opposing counsel in placing before the judge and jury the true state of the case. There was the exposition; the decision was the jury's. But they mistook their duty, and looking on themselves as hireling advocates, not as disinterested exponents, grew ashamed of their employer, turned witnesses against the very man whose money, or rather, whose backer's money, they had in their pockets, and pronounced the verdict which they were there to influence and avert.

In this case they have done no harm beyond casting a slur upon Sir Frederick Thesiger's abilities by their gratuitous assistance, and being guilty of an impertinence to the jury by an usurpation of their functions; and they have, on the other hand, the credit of showing that the bar has no sympathy with a criminal after he has paid, and when he is detected.

But it may happen that, fired by this example, some youthful barrister will on a future occasion throw up a brief when the world is not so sure that his client is a scoundrel. It may happen that the jury, believing that the counsel must know more of the case than they, may accept his evidence against his employer, and arrive at a result, in consequence of his conduct, opposite to that to which, had he gone on, the case would have brought them.

What, then, will be said of the morality of a profession, the members of which take money for the advocacy of cases without inquiring on which side they are engaged, pursue the cause, careless whether they are right or wrong, till it looks hopeless, and then, to win a smile from a tired judge, announce, amid the jingle of their client's guineas, that he—about whom they "opened" so magniloquently—is a villain?

Considering that in every trial, every barrister of any ability must know before the close of his case which way the verdict ought to be, we see no end to the throwing up of briefs, if once counsel are to be allowed to constitute themselves jurymen. Let them be careful what

they advocate, if they will; but do let them remember that they are paid to be the exponents, not the betrayers, of the cause which they have undertaken.

HOW JUSTICE MAY BE MAULED.

THE reply to the Judge's verdict at Warwick in the Von Beck case, as it is still called, was the meeting of George Dawson's friends in Birmingham on Monday. It was felt, that by whatever form of law justified, the Court had slandered a man whose character is best appreciated by those that know him best. Conspicuous for his liberal opinions in matters of politics, faith, and the true relations of life, it is natural that scandal should be incessantly on the watch to find him tripping, and the first opportunity is taken. George Dawson, the theological student, is convicted of a mistake in forms of law; and the precautions taken by a private gentleman in Birmingham to prevent the escape of an impostor, without risking wrong to a woman who was perhaps innocent, are charged upon George Dawson as a violation of hospitality. For he is made the scapegoat of the whole. If the lawyers made mistakes, he is the man by name primarily and publicly called to account; he is censured for the violation of hospitality in another man's house!

The whole case has been before the public and the jury for some time. If before any considerable number of men, Constant Derra de Moroda, the Hungarian nobleman, and George Dawson, the religious teacher of Birmingham, were placed side by side, and the question were asked, which of these men is the worthy man,—which of them is it whose character is thoroughly known in household and abroad,—which of them has laboured to do good, and has done it? We make no doubt of the verdict. How then could the jury get so far astray?

Some account for it by the peculiarities of the judge. We do not mean his biographical peculiarities—his reputation of jocularity and good fellowship; but we mean those occurrences which were observed in the Court. It appeared, for example, that he read his notes with difficulty. In his summing up, Birmingham became "Manchester;" Ryland, who went to London, became "Dawson," and there were other blunders of the kind. But Mr. Justice Maule used to be regarded as a man of keen reasoning, and the jury would naturally follow his lead. Now, on the side of the defendants, while it had been denied that Von Beck was known at the Court of Vienna, it was not denied that she had lived at Vienna, and the Court is held at Vienna: so, to the judgment of the judge, that appeared to be the same thing.

There are ladies well known to gay men about town, who live in "St. James's-place," and the Court is held at St. James's; wherefore it follows that these ladies would have the right to pass as frequenters of the British Court. Mr. Justice Maule observed of George Dawson that his faculties had been cultivated until he could make distinctions too subtle for the judge's intellect. It is not for us to deny Mr. Justice Maule's disclaimer; but the occasion for his saying so renders the remark more singular, since the distinction which he ascribes to Dawson had been drawn by the plaintiff's counsel.

Those who were on the side of the defendants were unfortunate in the epithets that the judge applied to them. George Dawson, for example, was said to have paid "his Birmingham shillings," a slight, not only upon Dawson, but upon Birmingham, and even upon shillings that happen to go to Birmingham. "Democrats and tyrants" were epithets conjoined in an allusion to Hajnik. Over night Racidula was dancing: a circumstance which might at all events show reason why the defendants did not anticipate her sudden death; yet to the judge it became the occasion for a pathetic remark that it might be called "the dance of death." If those on the side of George Dawson were unfortunate perhaps in an excess of attention to these minute and damaging allusions, the balance was made good by passing over circumstances that might have told in their favour. Their disconnection with the Pulszkys, for example; and the admission of Derra de Moroda that Vetter had cautioned him against Racidula as an adventurer.

The strongest habits are apt to be developed by time. Mr. Justice Maule is celebrated for his jocose resources. Are we to regard the trial as "Maule's last?" If so, however, it is a very

bad joke, indeed; but perhaps that is the light in which it had best be regarded.

THE MANNERS OF THE PEOPLE.

THE daily ugliness in the lives of our "labouring class" is the indirect result of a course of legislation which has left undone those things which it ought to have done, and done those things which it ought not to have done. The settled habits of English society have aided the more immediate operation of the laws. Our city craftsman has no means of relief or pleasure in his idle hours. In Italy the peasant may hear an opera for twopence, and in audience of Bellini or Mozart finds an evening occupation and a healthy excitement. "The Englishman cannot appreciate high music," for a good reason—he has never heard it. The cheapest London concert ever organized requires a shilling, a good coat, and, for the artisan, intrusion among people of an upper rank. The public gardens are very dear pleasures to a man earning at best three shillings a day, and all their arrangements, vulgar as they are, are made for people with plenty of money. The London labourer finds no pleasant walks near his home. If he take a trip by a Parliamentary train he finds it made ingeniously uncomfortable—stopped for hours on sidings, shoved out of the way like a poor relation at a rich feast. His excursion train is taxed, and his Sunday pleasures shortened by Sabbatarian shutters on public buildings. He is like a boy shut up in a room without toys, sweetmeats, or books; the boy breaks the windows or hurts himself; the working man behaves no better. We have put down prize-fights; but there remains no other arena as a safety valve for the physical excitement natural to unlettered men. The men who, twenty years ago, would have fought their match, now beat their wives.

The increase of towns has increased the evil. Factories have drawn from out-of-door habits to close town life thousands of men who find in domestic cruelty the only excitement in lieu of rural games. We close up the betting-houses, and drive the apprentices to the gin-shops for another "amusement." And if the worker seeks in his craft the stimulus of advanced wages, he finds his rise checked by a combination among masters, backed by the police. Look round London, and where can you find the means for a cheerful evening for the working man? Can he spend it at home amid the inevitable dirt of a small room in a close court, where a wife, soiled and defaced with the lines of hard housekeeping, keeps up a shrill din in hushing one baby and scolding another? Why, if as his only resource he gets drunk and maims that woman, the prison will be a palace to that den, and the hard labour will be a trifle to one with tough hands, coarse nerves, and no sense of shame. We have allowed our labourers to live so wretchedly, that our prisons have no terrors for them. Again and again do husbands return from gaol to renew their regular outrage upon their wives. Five such cases have occurred within the fortnight.

Two points present themselves. There are ruffians whom no mild treatment can reform, and no ordinary punishment deter. The whip alone can compel such men to refrain from violence and wrong. But the general state of the population demands a remedy of deeper purpose and wider application. We must not allow our people to progress to brutality: for without comfort, cleanliness, or pleasures, our working men must come to that. A healthy society would compass them in all their ways with provocations to worthy pleasures, and prevent them in all their doings by a continual education in the nobler ends of life. With all our wealth and beneficence, the only enterprise with such design is the People's Palace at Sydenham, yet the promoters of the publican's Sabbath threaten to class that beautiful Book of Art and Nature with the tavern and the penny show, denying it the open privileges allowed without check to the worst dens of London vice.

"A STRANGER" IN PARLIAMENT.

THE only Parliamentary proceedings of the week have been at Spithhead. All the institutions of the country have been, literally, at sea. Lords and Commons, like Coalition Governments, have exposed themselves gallantly to the raking fire of two Oppositions; and Sir James Graham, who provided steamers and soda water, is generally declared to have done the thing very well.

Said Mr. Hume when he came back from Spithhead, on Thursday, "Yes, it was a fine sight; but really as

we shall have to pay for the gunpowder it is a pity it didn't go in annihilating the Russian fleet, and, with her fleet, her prestige in the East." Mr. Hume is a man with a talent for common sense; so that if the Aberdeen Cabinet calculated on the Spithhead show to give dignity to their excessive peace policy they have blundered. Mr. Hume's calculation was the universal one; and even for the perpetual peace society people the show was a dangerous one. Quaker pulses beat higher as they felt the pomp and circumstance of (more or less) glorious war. It is Lord Aberdeen's saying that England can afford to bear more provocations than other nations—she has such consciousness of power. Very true. It is cowardly to use a giant's strength with dwarfs. But the Aberdeen theory illustrated in Russian negotiations seems to be that because we have a giant's strength we should, therefore, behave like dwarfs to giants. In the Aberdeen point of view, the show at Spithhead was to this effect: "We have behaved meanly in the face of Russia; but then, how nobly we could have behaved if we'd blud!" "We have sacrificed Turkey, for Russia has gained her object in exhausting Turkey and arousing Turkish civil wars; but then, are you not convinced that, had we preferred it, we could have saved Turkey?"

Members of Parliament felt, of course, patriotically proud when they got back; but the majority of them, perhaps, half sea-sick and too weary of brine and champagne, and British egotism, to assist in making the House that was not made much before midnight—opening with the other night-houses, but less amusing. Lord Palmerston had intimated that there was nothing to do; and, in fact, the Commons are now only killing time, and waiting on the Lords till prorogation. The House was made at Spithhead that day, on board the Bulldog; for our Revolution annals tell us that Parliament is not brick and mortar, but flesh and blood, and is locomotive, if necessary; and not improbably various informal resolutions were come to on foreign and other affairs. The noble contentions of party are at rest on board ship, where there is no available chance of lobbies—where familiar opponents must make strange acquaintances, and where the coalition purpose of the age is compulsorily forwarded by inevitable groupings; and under the circumstances of Thursday Lord Aberdeen very likely, therefore, did a good deal to get rid of the routine and exploded theory of "government by party." The "ins" must have looked so superior to the outs on Thursday, that inward convictions were possibly felt of the desirableness of always being of the party of the Government. A young Engländer is said to have made that remark on board the Bulldog; and to have suggested to a friend, what a capital thing it would have been if Mr. Stafford had been employed to tear up the rails, intercepting the returning trains to town, and if Mr. Disraeli had gone down to Westminster, made a House of his staunchest friends, and forthwith, in due order, at 10, moved and carried a vote of no confidence in the austere intriguer! The minglings of Thursday climaxed the disasters of Derbyism: Lord Aberdeen makes politics social gatherings; completing, in grand, what he effected in little when he accomplished the broad-bottom Government: and on a fine day, with a sanatory breeze, and amid a distinguished gathering, the most intrepidly independent member could hardly avoid the conclusion that really, as Lord John said at Christmas, British politics were distinctions without differences, and that it would be pleasanter to shake hands all round, shorten the session, and get up such *fêtes* more frequently. Lord Aberdeen may not, after all, have thought about Russia when he went to the Nab. He may have simply been working out his own theory, that the House of Commons is to be managed, not as a Senate, but as a club; and he is taking the right course in throwing members together, so polishing down abstract angles, and getting up the practical conviction that there's nothing like coalition. At least at home; the thunders of Spithhead leave it an open question to landmen not less than to sailors, whether he is right in attempting a coalition on the continent—a coalition in which he insists on including Russia!

As to the Lords, they last night attempted, affecting vitality, and really looking less corpse-like, as the Commons' eyes are closed, to force on a debate on this question—that is, there were seven old Peers present who wanted news to excite an appetite for dinner; but the Government, experienced administrators, were not likely to spoil a pleasant arrangement with Russia by indiscreet allayments of a sham anxiety. Lord Malmesbury made his speech merely to improve his own relations with Louis Napoleon, whom he complimented for backing England against Turkey; and Lord Clarendon made his speech—bubbling in style, bobbyish in manner—simply because, knowing little or nothing of what was going on, he was assured he could not commit

Lord Aberdeen, by expressing his opinions in answer to Lord Malmesbury's taunts. Lord Beaumont and Lord Clanricarde wanted to make a debate: but a debate to seven old peers! Altogether it was an undignified proceeding in the House of Peers to look thus inquisitive with no results—redeemed only from offensiveness by the British manner and hearty common sense of Lord Hardwicke, who described the whole diplomacy of the business in a few clenching words:—England had invited Russia, the burglar, into the house—England undertook to watch, and the burglar was naturally astonished, after quietly taking possession of the premises, to be told that if he didn't quit, he would be thrown out of the windows. Only, how admire Lord Hardwicke? This was Lord Hardwicke in Opposition; but had he been in with Lord Derby, Lord Derby would probably have done what Lord Aberdeen has done, and Lord Hardwicke would have been as quiet as that eminent bold Briton, the Duke of Newcastle, has been.

Saturday Morning.

THE EMPEROR OF THE CLYDE.

NEW SOCIAL MOVEMENT IN GLASGOW.

OUR Scottish neighbours have their little peculiarities, which they by no means seem disposed to put under a bushel. The drunkenness and piety of the descendants of the Covenanters are both matters of history and criticism, but, though whisky and the Assembly's Catechism are not very instructive companions, Scotland is not to be judged by them alone. Though Sandy has a dirty wynd he has a clear head: and if he forces upon you a narrow sermon, he will first give you an excellent breakfast, and pause, as in the hotel where I write, to send up your butter in elaborately wanton and sensual curls—a piece of "work" not done on the Lord's day in London; and if he chooses to build himself a good house, he will make a more perfect and convenient feat of it than his bungling contemptuous brother on the warmer side of the Tweed. If the streets of Glasgow are filthier than those of Manchester, they are graced by Omnibuses far more elegant and commodious than those execrable and dismal vehicles which run down the Strand. A Scottish Omnibus is preferable to an English Cab. Glasgow, too, has a nobler river than London. The Clyde is more majestic than the Thames, but the Scottish Church is against its people, and no poor man may breathe the air of Gourcock, or gaze on the beauties of Dunoon, on Sunday, while, from Richmond to Gravesend, the London artisan may take his choice of watering-places on the Sabbath. The Scotch are, traditionally, a brave people, but the utter cowardice of their Christianity is passing belief. It trembles for its congregations. The idea of a Sunday Excursion is more than it can bear. The jubilee notes of a trumpet, blown by a happy pleasure party, on a Sunday morning, in the Tron-gate, would have an effect on the Glasgow Churches, like that which trumpets had of old on the walls of Jericho. What a miserable state for religion to be in—to have no friendly or affectionate hold upon the people! What a humiliating punishment for its cold and heartless asceticism! All the eloquence of all its preachers is forsaken for Punch and Judy, and its solemn presbytery cannot compete with a Penny Show!

A movement has been in progress here, for some time, of which little or no notice has been taken by the English press, but which will intensely interest the English people, and probably ere long occupy the attention of the English Parliament.

No recognizable legal impediment existed to prevent a steamer running Excursion journeys on the Clyde, on the Sunday, but nobody would undertake it. Well-wishers to genial morals and the social improvement of the people went so far as to offer a guarantee fund to any steam-boat proprietor who would run a vessel on the Sunday. It was thought that the boat might be made unpopular by the Presbytery, and people deterred from sailing in it on the week-day. So low is public spirit under Kirk-rule, in Glasgow, that this influence was sufficient to discourage any attempt of the kind. At length several gentlemen united together, and bought the *Emperor* steamer, and ordered it to sail on Sundays. This was the right step to take. Hundreds of thankful and grateful passengers have crowded to it, and have since enjoyed the face of Nature on the poor man's only day of rest. The popular interest in the event was marked by the working-people themselves subscribing several hundred pounds to guarantee the proprietors against loss. But of loss there will be none—very much the contrary. The *Emperor* is crowded on the Sundays, and quite popular all the week, out of gratitude for its noble Sunday services; the Proprietary will find themselves, as they ought to do, gainers by their honourable and spirited proceedings.

The *Sentinel* newspaper is improving its substantial

circulation by a manly defence of the step. The *Scottish Guardian* and other journals behave infamously in the matter, denouncing the Excursionists, men and women, honest, moral, and respectable, as "scum, fops, and infidels." No spirituous drinks are allowed to be sold on the *Emperor* on the Sunday; the order is excellent; and though the Excursionists are subjected to all forms of rudeness, insult, and annoyance, the best humour and the highest propriety obtain. No congregation in Glasgow can exceed in point of character, personal worth, or conduct, the passengers by the *Emperor*; and these are the persons designated "scum, fops, and infidels." Strange to say, men may roll through the streets of Glasgow drunk—men may spend their nights in brothels, and these Kirk-stricken newspapers will not denounce them by name; but if Mr. Andrew Paton takes a personal care of the crew and Excursionists, for whose welfare his co-proprietors are responsible, the name of that gentleman is held up to public reprobation as a "Sabbath-breaker." What a striking illustration of the difference between religious morality and rational morality! Mr. Paton is a Churchman who believes it to be "lawful to do good on the Sabbath day," and rightly counts that it must be more acceptable to a Moral God to confer health and innocent pleasure on the poor man, than to coerce him into vicious formalism, into practical vice and positive disease; and being a gentleman as well as a Christian, Mr. Paton is not to be intimidated in the wise and benevolent course he has chosen to take.

Will the London public believe that one Major Darrocks, resident at Gourcock, was driven in his carriage (breaking the Sabbath himself inexcusably) down to the pier, to prevent the passengers by the *Emperor* from landing? Yes, carried, opulent, and intolerant, this Major turned out from his own suburban home—free himself from the miasma of a Glasgow Sunday—to address the wan weavers of the city as dogs, and seek to drive them back to their kennels—and Scottish newspapers could applaud this act—and publish the humble artisan as "scum," and the tradesmen (as respectable as the major) as "fops." And the *Guardian* advised acts of opposition on the part of the ignorant populace, which might lead to loss of life—the consequences of course to be charged upon the Excursionists.

On Sunday, as the Excursionists returned, a crowd of people, sent through Kirk influence and agitation, were assembled to yell at those whose crime consisted in leaving Glasgow without permission of the clergy. What a degraded mob! The amusing part is, that this vulgar and bigoted "yelling" is not "Sabbath-breaking"—this is considered acceptable service to God. But the *Daily Mail*, which gives a highly-creditable notice of the *Emperor's* return last Sunday, qualifies the report by saying that only a few persons disgraced themselves by "hissing." And the *Glasgow Chronicle* styles the person a "miscreant" who has just attempted to sink the *Emperor* by opening a "sea-cock" in the bottom of the vessel. If the Press here will do its duty, all will be well.

The Presbytery represent that this Excursion experiment is an "outrage" on the feelings of the people, when they are doing all they can to stir up the people against it, who, so far from finding any "outrage" in it, are, on the whole, glad of it. All classes of people, gentry as well as artisans, of all religious persuasions, as well as of no persuasion except that of Secularism or Morality, are looking with approval on this wise step. Receiving your instructions to examine into this matter, Mr. Editor, I can aver that there is no truth in the representation of the Presbytery, that this much-needed movement is any "outrage." Quite the contrary. Nor will the perverted influence of the Presbytery, disgracefully exercised on this occasion, succeed in making it unpopular. Excepting the Rev. Mr. Macleod, who has made a vigorous and manly speech against the step, this Presbytery is endeavouring to resuscitate 200-year old Acts of Parliament, to put down, by fines, this social movement. Who cannot be excused for saying that the clergy are alien from the people, when the priesthood thus conduct themselves? They have written to the Admiralty, to press them into the service of this disreputable intolerance. I am glad to find that a public meeting has been announced, in which the people of London will take into consideration this question. The English workmen, sympathising with the improvement in the Sunday comfort and morals of their Glasgow brethren, will pay the fines incurred by the proprietors of the *Emperor*. Depend upon it, sir, that while the Emperors of Russia and France are at this hour without an atom of British respect, the *Emperor* on the Clyde is the most popular of potentates. Long may he reign Imperial Sunday Monarch of the Lochs, from the Broomielaw to the Isles of Bute!

IOX.

Glasgow, Aug. 10, 1853.

Literature.

Critics are not the legislators, but the judges and police of literature. They do not make laws—they interpret and try to enforce them.—*Edinburgh Review.*

In resuming our notice of the Periodicals, interrupted last week by exigencies of space, we first direct the reader's attention to the *Prospective Review*, a work always remarkable, and this number particularly so for its paper on Sir WILLIAM HAMILTON, and for an essay on SHAKSPEARE. Two more unpromising subjects than the great Metaphysician and SHAKSPEARE (und kein Ende!) could scarcely be proposed to an "Able Editor;" yet these writers have contrived to write valuable papers on the character of Sir WILLIAM's Philosophy, and on the character of the man SHAKSPEARE. The first is partly historical and partly expository; no one interested in metaphysics should allow it to pass unread, its subtlety and eloquence betraying the authorship unmistakably. From the paper on SHAKSPEARE we are tempted to make an extract or two; for example, this enforcement of an idea we are repeatedly iterating:—

"The reason why so few good books are written, is that so few people that can write know anything. In general an author has always lived in a room, has read books, has cultivated science, is acquainted with the style and sentiments of the best authors, but he is out of the way of employing his own eyes and ears. He has nothing to hear and nothing to see. His life is a vacuum. The mental habits of Robert Southey, which about a year ago were so extensively praised in the public journals, is the type of literary existence, just as the praise bestowed on it shows the admiration excited by it among literary people. He wrote poetry (as if anybody could) before breakfast; he read during breakfast. He wrote history until dinner; he corrected proof sheets between dinner and tea; he wrote an essay for the *Quarterly* afterwards; and after supper, by way of relaxation, composed the *Doctor*, a lengthy and elaborate jest. Now, what can any one think of such a life—except how clearly it shows that the habits best fitted for communicating information, formed with the best care, and daily regulated by the best motives, are exactly the habits which are likely to afford a man the least information to communicate. Southey had no events, no experiences. His wife kept house, and allowed him pocket-money, just as if he had been a German professor devoted to accents, tobacco, and the dates of Horace's amours. And it is pitiable to think that so meritorious a life was only made endurable by a painful delusion. He thought that day by day, and hour by hour, he was accumulating stores for the instruction and entertainment of a long posterity. His epics were to be in the hands of all men, and his *History of Brazil*, the 'Herodotus of the South American Republic.' As if his epics were not already dead, and as if the people who now cheat at Valparaiso care a real who it was that cheated those before them. Yet it was only by a conviction like this that an industrious and caligraphic man (for such was Robert Southey), who might have earned money as a clerk, worked all his days for half a clerk's wages, at occupation much duller and more laborious. The critic in the *Vicar of Wakefield* lays down that you should *always* say that the picture would have been better if the painter had taken more pains; but in the case of the practised literary man, you should often enough say that the writings would have been much better, if the writer had taken less pains. He says he has devoted his life to the subject—the reply is, 'Then you have taken the best way to prevent your making anything of it.' Instead of reading studiously what Burgundicidius and Ænesidemus said men were, you should have gone out yourself, and seen (if you can see) something for yourself. Lord Bacon tells us that some one in his time boasted in Latin, '*Decem annos consumpsi in legendo Cicerone*,' and echo answered in Greek, 'ὦν, You ass.'"

Again, this description of FALSTAFF, with HAZLITT incidentally touched off:—

"We mean that the animal spirits of Falstaff give him an easy, vague, diffusive sagacity, which is peculiar to him. A morose man, Iago, for example, may know anything, and is apt to know a good deal, but what he knows is generally all in corners. He knows number 1, number 2, number 3, and so on; but there is not anything continuous, or smooth, or fluent in his knowledge. Persons conversant with the works of Hazlitt will know in a minute what we mean. Everything which he observed he seemed to observe from a certain soreness of mind; he looked at people because they offended him; he had the same vivid notion of them that a man has of objects which grate on a wound in his body. But there is nothing at all of this in Falstaff; on the contrary, everything pleases him, and everything is food for a joke. Cheerfulness and prosperity give an easy abounding sagacity of mind which nothing else does give. Prosperous people bound easily over all the surface of things which their lives present to them; very likely they keep to the surface; there are things beneath or above to which they may not penetrate or attain, but what is on any part of the surface, that they know well. 'Lift not the painted veil which those who live call life,' and they do not lift it. What is sublime or awful above, what is 'sightless and drear' beneath,—these they may not dream of. Nor is any one piece or corner of life so well impressed on them as on minds less happily constituted. It is only people who have had a tooth out that really know the dentist's waiting-room. Yet such people, for the time at least, know nothing but that and their tooth. The easy and sympathizing friend who accompanies them knows everything; hints gently at the contents of the *Times*, and would cheer you with Lord Palmerston's replies. So, on a greater scale, the man of painful experience knows but too well what has hurt him, and where and why, but the happy have a vague and rounded view of the round world, and such, it is certain, was the knowledge of Falstaff, and, with a limitation, to be shown presently, of Shakspeare also."

There are some happy turns of thought and caprices of expression in this paper. Thus it is remarked, and is indeed remarkable, that SHAKSPEARE, our glory and delight, is biographically unknown to us, but, nevertheless, there is one fact decisively known,—"*The reverential nature of the English mind has carefully preserved what they thought the great excellence of their poet—that he made a fortune!*"

A foreigner would imagine we were a very classical people, judging from

the copiousness of quotation in Parliament and in newspapers, together with the frequency of articles in Magazines and Reviews on classical writers. HORACE is treated of in this number of the *British Quarterly*, ARISTOPHANES in *Tait*, PLATO in *Hogg's Instructor* and in the *Scottish Educational Journal*; and treated, moreover, by men knowing what they are about. The article on ARISTOPHANES opens with a glance at a curious and oft-quoted fact, for which many explanations have been unsuccessfully suggested, namely, that comedy is fugitive and temporal, tragedy is eternal:—

"The mere remoteness of ancient times places us at a disadvantage in speculating upon their elements of comic delineation. As no age appears poetical to itself, so none appears humorous to another. The distance which lends the enchantments of imagination to the view, robs it of those minutely personal features in which the comic lurks. Great objects loom grander through the mists of antiquity, while smaller are altogether lost in its haze."

We quote this to protest against it. The reason why we do not understand ancient fun (when we do not understand it) is simply because laughter, being the result of a perception of incongruity, whenever the standard of the congruous is wanting, whenever we are unable to detect the incongruity, the comic element vanishes. Athenian wit is frequently no wit to us, just for the same reason that London wit is frequently unintelligible in the provinces. *Othello* with a strong Scotch accent would be ludicrous to us, but in Germany or France the incongruity would not be perceptible. The rule then, is this: whenever the incongruity lies in a direction where from universal experience it is perceptible, the fun is universal and eternal. Thus, comedy of manners is fleeting, comedy of character eternal. It all depends on whether we have a standard of congruity whereby to test the incongruity.

The article PLATO in *Hogg's Instructor*, now a monthly magazine of high character, is the first of a series on the "Men of the Past," and is really a good study, although, as we think, exaggerated in its estimate of PLATO; but it has for centuries been the fashion to exaggerate in that direction. In the same magazine there is a good paper on EDGAR POE, and the second part of GILFILLAN's paper on BURKE—but where is DE QUINCY and his essay on the English Language?

The *Two Platos*, in the *Scottish Educational Journal*, is a pleasant, gossip notice of PLATO, the comic dramatist, in contrast with PLATO, the dramatic dialectician. The writer quotes a passage from the dramatist which would fall in perfectly with the sentiments of those numerous mild husbands, now daily brought before magistrates, for undue exercise of the marital syllogism,—

γυνή γαρ, ἢν μὲν αὐτὴν
ἀεὶ κολάζεις, ἐστὶ πάντων κτημάτων κρατιστόν,

which may be rendered, "For a wife, if eternally you beat her, is the greatest of all treasures"—a sentiment, by the way, which stands in piquant contrast with "Platonic love!"

Bentley and the *British Journal*, this month, are made up of the usual light magazine papers, calling for no special notice from us; and a word of "reminder" will suffice for the *English Cyclopædia*, the third part of which is now issued, rich in woodcuts and valuable articles.

THE DEVELOPMENT HYPOTHESIS OF THE "VESTIGES."

Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation. Tenth Edition. With extensive Additions and Emendations, and Illustrated by numerous Engravings on Wood.

J. Churchill.

TENTH edition! In spite of vituperative syllogisms from men of science, and of contemptuous epithets tacked on to off-hand "refutations," from men of no science—in spite of confident assertion, and adroit insinuation, all pointing at the "atheism" and "superficiality" of this work, we find that in nine years ten editions have been called for by a bulled public, these editions being for the most part necessarily large, by reason of their cheapness; and we do not find that the "profounder" works, written by these more "accurate" and orthodox refuters, are received with anything like that degree of favour. The *Vestiges*, we are constantly assured, "leads to atheism," is very inaccurate and shallow, and is the offspring of a "cold and cheerless materialism;" but we cannot detect its atheism; we are by no means sensible of its shallowness; and as to the "cold and cheerless" *ism*, to which its parentage is ascribed, until we have more satisfactory accounts both of it and of its antagonist ("hot and hilarious spiritualism"?) we must be content to range ourselves on the side of the public—an extensive one—calling for ten editions in nine years.

The fact is significant of one of these two things: either the British public has an eager preference for books declared to be inaccurate, shallow, false, dangerous, and in all respects contemptible; or there is an uneasy unrest in the minds of men, a painful suspicion of the validity of what acknowledged Teachers choose to avow. Choose your horn!

The fact is significant also of the steadily growing conviction that Life, and Life in its most complex form, Society, are as amenable to rigorous Law as any of the phenomena of the inorganic world. A conviction that the Whole is the manifestation of one infinite Life, the incarnate activity of God, not in alien indifference, not in estranged subjection; a conviction that the progress of Humanity is but another phase in the universal procession of Life, and that its history is but one chapter in the great history of the universe. Because the *Vestiges* presents the broad outlines of such a History, its success has been enormous; and not because it is superficial, and has "great charms of style," as we are so frequently informed.

There has been great exaggeration respecting the style of this work; perhaps not wholly unintentional exaggeration, as a woman's beauty is sometimes praised at the expense of her intellect. Compared with

ordinary scientific writings, its style is certainly of rare excellence; but more because they are detestable, than because it is exquisite. Lucid in statement, copious in varied knowledge, grave, pious, and gentle in tone, the work unquestionably is; but its success does not lie there; it might have had all these qualities in tenfold degree, and yet have borne no "tenth edition" on its title-page, had there not also been novelty and grandeur of conception—novelty to startle, grandeur to enlarge and satisfy the intellectual longings of meditative minds.

We hold the *Vestiges* to be in some minor respects inaccurate and incomplete, both in knowledge and in a right conception of the Development Hypothesis. It will be our task to indicate some of these points in the course of the present review; but our readers must be fully aware of the unhesitating admiration uniformly expressed in this journal for the philosophic value of the *Vestiges*, and of our repeated defence of its doctrines. Had the author been among our readers, he would have made an exception in the following charge:—

"It has never had a single declared adherent—and nine editions have been sold. Obloquy has been poured upon the nameless author from a score of sources—and his leading idea, in a subdued form, finds its way into books of science, and gives a direction to research. Professing adversaries write books in imitation of his, and, with the benefit of a few concessions to prejudice, contrive to obtain the avowal denied to him."

Certainly the treatment the work has received from antagonists has been the reverse of philosophical. On more than one occasion we have exposed the foolish haste and triumphant chuckle with which even cautious men have incautiously snatched at any semblance of a fact or argument supposed to overthrow the *Vestiges*; and we quote with a chuckle on our side the quiet rebuke given to geologists so eager to disprove an invertebrate era:—

"Thus a great array of instances of fish in the Lower Silurians and lower portions of the Upper Silurians was made up, to the assumed confusion of the advocates of the development hypothesis. Mr. Miller penned an eloquent chapter on the subject, speculating on the size and character of the animals, and not failing to apologise for the tediousness to which he was condemned by his adherence to facts, he being in this respect at a great disadvantage in comparison with the ingenious theorist who has only a fancy picture to make up.

"Will it ever be believed by the readers of Mr. Miller's ingenious book, that not one of the 'facts' on which he is so fearful of being tedious, is a fact at all? From 'a very competent authority,' we learn that the seven species of fish from the Wenlock Limestone, believed in by Professor Sedgwick, because he had 'seen' them, turn out to have been found in the debris of a quarry of that rock, where it is admitted they had most probably been dropped from the pocket of some workman who had obtained them in a neighbouring quarry of a higher formation! The Onchus spine from the Bala Limestone had been entered by the government surveyors, as a fragment of fish, after only a ' cursory examination'; it proves to be, 'in reality, half the rostral shield of a trilobite!' 'Its resemblance to an Onchus was due merely to its being broken in half and obscured by stone.' In like manner, the spine from the Llandeilo flags, certified as such by 'one of the most cautious and practised geologists of the present age,' has been declared to be nothing but a piece of 'a new genus of Asteroid Zoophyte,' something lower in creation than even the Bala spine proved to be! While these vexing discoveries have been in progress, Professor Phillips has withdrawn his authority from the remains in the Wenlock Shale, and the low position assigned to the American specimen by Mr. Miller has not been sustained. In short, the whole of this chapter, which Mr. Miller feared would be tedious from its adherence to 'sober fact,' ought to be the most amusing (and I am afraid it really is so) in his whole book, seeing that it consists only of the purest fictions, the fictions of over-hasty science.

"In his fourth edition (1851) Mr. Miller inserts a note announcing that the supposed ichthyic remains from the Bala Limestones have 'proved, on closer investigation, to be spurious.' So much he had then discovered. But *coprolites* had been found in that ancient group of rocks, bearing witness to the existence of vertebrates in those ancient seas. In reality, there have been only found, in the Llandeilo rocks, 'certain rounded black substances,' which 'suggested the idea of coprolites,' and in which a large proportion of phosphate of lime is detected. An inference from chemical science respecting an object standing so far out from the region where there are any cognate facts to support it, will not of course go a great way with ordinary philosophers; but such facts have a peculiar value for opponents of the development hypothesis, and we may of course expect to find this kept by them fully in view.

"Mr. Miller has not yet, however, exhausted his traces of vertebrate life in the Lower Silurians. 'The course of discovery,' says he, 'has added greatly more to the evidence previously accumulated against the Lamarckian than it has withdrawn. The track of a quadruped has recently been found imprinted on a Lower Silurian sandstone in North America.'

"It is very unfortunate for evidence of this kind, that it is only added to be immediately after withdrawn. The Canada slabs with chelonian tracks reigned for a time in 1851. Professor Owen, when he had seen only a few, gave his opinion that the peculiarities 'pointed to the Reptilia,' and he 'inclined to refer them to a species of Terrapene or Emydian Tortoise.' The President of the Geological Society gave his countenance to this idea in his annual address of that year. To find that not merely fish, but reptiles, had lived coevally with the hitherto supposed protozoic mollusks and trilobites, was a discovery even exceeding the wishes of such men as Mr. Miller. More slabs, however, came to England; some whispers of doubt began to circulate; and the learned Hunterian Professor was induced in spring 1852, to give the whole subject a new and more searching investigation. The result appears in a most ingenious and laborious paper, presented, with many excellent illustrations, in the Quarterly Journal of the Geological Society. Mr. Owen there arrives at the conclusion that the foot-tracks are not chelonian, but crustacean, thus leaving that early age still invertebrate."

Let us also remark on the insolent assumption that the author of the *Vestiges* is not worth hearing, because he is a mere "dabbler," whose facts are not to be trusted to, whose theories are "dreams." We call this insolent, because it is an assumption in defiance of the clearest evidence to the contrary, and is made by men who are themselves quite as much open to the charge. To take even the example which will tell the least in our favour: what is Professor Sedgwick but a "dabbler" in

embryology, and a very shallow dabbler, too? Yet, in his own department, he is an authority; and if he is open to the charge, what shall we say to the hundreds strong in no department who attempt to throw discredit on the facts used in the *Vestiges*, because the author is a dabbler, although the facts are those countenanced by the very highest authorities in each department. To say that these authorities repudiate the use made of the facts, and declare them not to signify what they are made to signify in the *Vestiges*, is throwing no discredit on the facts, it is only removing the discussion from the ground of facts to that of philosophy—ground, by the way, on which men of science are frequently children.

It is important, however, that the general reader should understand that, in spite of the violent language of Sedgwick and others, the facts on which the *Vestiges* is mainly founded, are those sanctioned by the greatest names in science. To call the inferences deduced therefrom by the author in the elaboration of his "hypothesis," (he calls it nothing more,) by the contemptuous name of "dreams," may be a compendious way of refuting them, but will not be greatly satisfying to sincere inquirers.

So much for "inaccuracy." Further, let it be noted, that the author has been willing enough to retract some statements, and modify others, when the suggested corrections were correct; but these corrections have in no degree altered the hypothesis, for that hypothesis was not dependent upon one fact, but upon a million, so that one more or less left it undisturbed—a point opponents have overlooked. Indeed, one may say of the "blunders" so complacently noted, what may be said of the general scope of the arguments employed against the Hypothesis—just as men of science overlook the broad, massive demonstrations of cumulated facts, because of some few apparent exceptions and inconsistencies, so do critics overlook the great coercive arguments of the *Vestiges* because a fact here or an illustration there may be misstated or misapplied.

Then as to "shallowness:" if some acquaintance with the writings of philosophers confessedly profound entitles us to pronounce on such a question, we should say no charge is more frivolous than that. The *Vestiges* strikes us as being a piece of co-ordinated thinking very remarkable among modern books, considering it with reference to the homogeneity and integrity of the speculations with the adduced facts. As the author justly says:—

"To be a superficial book, it has been remarkably hard to understand. It has also appeared that they were only able to make up a show of objection to the scientific data on which the work is founded, by misrepresenting these data, by ignoring all the highest authorities, and by clutching at immature announcements which turned out to be fictions. It has been shown that the propositions of the work, which they misunderstood or misrepresented, are in reality admitted or maintained by themselves. From their own writings it has been possible to collect those proofs of progressive organization, the existence of which they denied. It has been shown that they do not know the tendency of the facts of their own sciences, and blunder whenever they attempt to reason upon them:—Professor Sedgwick, for example, corroborating at one place all the great truths which he has contradicted at another, and only truly contradicting and condemning himself."

There is no discovery in it; there is no fathom-line cast into the depths of thought; there is little strictly original in the ideas; but there is an original bringing together of widely-scattered facts and ideas; there is that originality which consists in thinking out to their conclusions the premises derived from others. If compared with Humboldt's much-lauded chaos, named *Cosmos*, its philosophic superiority will be as evident as its inferiority in scientific acquirement.

We said the *Vestiges* had novelty and grandeur—two wings to carry it victorious through the storm of polemics. Had it been a vamped up reproduction of De Maillet and Lamarck (as is fluently asserted by those who never read Lamarck and never saw De Maillet's book); if it had been as "inaccurate" and "shallow" as incompetent adversaries desire us to believe, it would never have survived so much "refutation" and so much scorn. But it is novel; and the novelty consists in linking on the hypothesis of Laplace to a modification of the hypothesis of Lamarck, and thus bringing the phenomena of the inorganic and organic worlds under one magnificent generalization of progressive development:—

"He had heard of the hypothesis of Lamarck; but it seemed to him to proceed upon a vicious circle, and he dismissed it as wholly inadequate to account for the existence of the animated species. He was not acquainted with the works of St. Hilaire, but through such treatises on physiology as had fallen in his way, he was aware of some of the transcendental views of that science entertained both in France and England. With the aid of these, in conjunction with some knowledge of the succession of fossils in the series of rock-formations, he applied himself to the task of elucidating the Great Mystery, as it was frequently termed by men of science. He did not do so—as far as he knows himself,—in an irreverent spirit, or with a hostile design to any form of faith or code of morals. He viewed the inquiry as simply philosophical, and felt assured that our conception of the divine Author of Nature could never be truly injured by any additional insight we might gain into His works and ways.

Before concluding, we must call attention to one point which has surprised us in the history of his labours. He perceived clearly at the outset that Embryology furnishes the real clue to the whole mystery, and yet, strange to say, he has bestowed far less attention on it than on Natural History and Geology. It may not be within his reach to study that fascinating science directly; but indirectly, from many works, he might have mastered ascertained results. He should have learned anatomy to master them. Is it too late to direct his attention to the works of Von Baer, Rathké, Tiedemann, Müller, Valentin, Bischoff, among Germans; and Serres, Geoffroy and Isidore St. Hilaire, Coste, Velpéau, and Martin de St. Ange, among Frenchmen, not to mention English works? With a little preliminary anatomy, he would find a rich and fruitful crop of results in most of these works; such as would give greater depth and certainty to his views.

In our next we shall enter into an investigation of these views.

THE STORY OF MONT BLANC.

The Story of Mont Blanc. By Albert Smith.

Bogue.

WHEN our friend VIVIAN, in one of his wicked moods, declared that Albert Smith was employed on a laborious work, "The Geology of the Glaciers," the statement was accepted without suspicion by many readers, and we heard of one exclaiming, "Ah, I always told you there was more in Albert Smith than you gave him credit for!"

Without revealing a scientific geologist to the public, this volume will prove the truth of that exclamation, for it certainly presents a more serious aspect, and more solid qualities, than the reader who has followed Albert Smith's literary career would have been inclined to suspect. It has been the universal opinion, we believe, that the most successful portion of his exhibition is the second half, wherein he is serious; and we have no hesitation in declaring our preference for this *Story of Mont Blanc* to all the works he has written. It is simply an admirable book. The story of his early and constant passion for Mont Blanc is narrated with pleasant detail. The history of Chamouni is then sketched, followed by an account of Pococke and Wyndham's first visit. Then we have a chapter on the First Adventurers on Mont Blanc; next one on the first ascent, and one on De Saussure. Dr. Hemel's fatal attempt is described, and a brief record of all the subsequent ascents, including his own famous one, in which thousands have accompanied him, seated in Egyptian Hall, while he "fights his battles o'er again," and which will, on Monday night, have reached its 500th representation.

It is thus a complete book, and one of very agreeable literature; for besides personal details, it contains some free fresh landscapes, vividly presented to the mind without any affectation or fine writing; and some details of very great interest to the philosopher. There are numerous illustrations, some of them reproductions of Beverley's beautiful scenes; but the reader is carried so completely into Chamouni, that his imagination could dispense with illustrations.

An extract or two will indicate the style. From a "Day on the Glaciers" we borrow the following:—

"We despatched our meal in high spirits, and having waited for the guides to store their knapsacks with cold meat, wine, and small loaves, for our dinner on the glacier, we left the chalet at a quarter to eight, Devouassoud leading the way, and the other guide following us. For two or three hundred yards the path skirted the glacier, and was tolerably pleasant walking, abounding in wild flowers, and covered by a delicate heath. It then ascended the side of the mountain, running about one hundred feet above the glacier, and presently appeared to stop short at an enormous rock of smooth granite, called *Le Pont*, and forming one of the most awkward passes in the excursion. I was contemplating the possibility of proceeding any further, when Devouassoud, coolly exclaiming, '*Suivez moi, messieurs, s'il vous plait*,' laid hold of a projecting ledge, and springing like a chamois, set his foot in a small excavation barely three inches deep, from whence he crawled on to the face of the rock which overhung the glacier. It was a minute or two before I could collect sufficient nerve to follow him; nor were my fellow-travellers less timid. We, however, contrived literally to tread in his footsteps; and leaning towards the inclining face of the rock, with our iron-shod poles in our left hand, we crept cautiously onwards, never daring to look down upon the glacier, which was at an awful depth below us. I can compare the passage to nothing better than clinging sideways along the tiles of a steeply-pitched house, with no other footing or hold than occasional inequalities or ridges, and the certain prospect of being instantaneously dashed to pieces should these fail you. There are two of these awkward ridges to traverse—*Le Grand* and *Le Petit Pont*, both of which are equally hazardous, and I should think, in wet weather, almost impracticable. On quitting these rocks, which we did with no small gratification, we continued descending for some distance, and in about twenty minutes reached the edge of the glacier, or *moraine*, as it is termed—a confused mass of blocks of granite, ice, and wet grit, which is extremely troublesome, and, indeed, painful to traverse, from the insecure footing that it affords. There is no absolute danger; but you stand a chance of dislocating your ankles at every step, and the edges of the granite rocks are so sharp, as to wound your hands in the event of your slipping. Devouassoud, as usual, went first, and where he saw a treacherous block, kicked it out of the way, and it went thundering down the edge of the *moraine*, generally trailing half a dozen others in its course.

"After an hour's severe labour, in which we several times left our shoes behind us in the clefts of the granite, we emerged from the *moraine* upon the glacier. It is here that the sagacity and hardihood of the guides is displayed. They appear to have a miraculous instinct in choosing a practicable route amongst its clefts, and leap over the chasms that yawn on every side with a boldness and certainty that is really wonderful.

"We passed several enormous rocks which had been split from the parent mountains by the force of storms or avalanches, and were now riding on the surface of the glacier. Devouassoud told us that, in time, from the constant advance of the glacier, these blocks would come down to Chamouni; but this, of course, would be the journey of centuries. He added, that in his own recollection they had moved several yards. We were shown, near one of them, a fearful hole in the ice, which the guides termed *Le Moulin*. Its depth was unknown—it had been plumbed to three hundred feet; and a torrent was roaring and chafing within it with a noise that was perfectly terrific.

"We crossed the *moraines* of these large fields of ice, and immediately commenced ascending the *Couvercle*—a steep and lofty rock shooting up directly from the glacier. If the passage of the *Ponts* had been the most hazardous part of our journey, probably this was the most fatiguing. The sun was shining with oppressive force directly upon us, and we were obliged to rest every ten or twelve steps to draw our breath; the altitude we had attained tending, no doubt, although but in a slight degree, to add to our exhaustion, for we were now more than eight thousand feet above the level of the sea, and the ascent so precipitous, that in climbing up the steep sides, our feet were generally in close approximation to the heads of those immediately behind us.

"The Glacier du Taléfre, in all the beauty of its white pyramids, and sparkling, unsullied waves, now broke upon us; and quitting the sure ground of the *Couvercle*, we followed Devouassoud as he advanced upon its treacherous surface. The heat of the day had thawed its upper layer, and we sank knee

deep at every step, in a *todge* of half-melted snow and ice. The guides were most urgent in begging us to tread as nearly as possible in their footmarks, as some of the tracks which appeared smooth and easy of passage, were merely bridges of snow thrown over chasms of immeasurable depth, which the slightest weight would cause to fall. Wherever there existed a doubt as to the practicability of crossing from one wave of the glacier to another, Devouassoud sounded the snow carefully with his ice-pole, nor would he allow us to move until he had ascertained its firmness; and yet I was informed by Mr. Auldjo, that this brave guide, who knows not what danger means amidst the peaks and crevices of his own glaciers, was so frightened by a slight ruffle of the water on crossing the lake of Geneva, that he laid himself down at the bottom of the boat, and cried like a child."

This is a very curious illustration, proving with many others, that unless when nerve by some moral determination, courage is either familiarity with danger, or ignorance of it.

We alluded to the details interesting in a philosophic point of view. Here is one excessively curious:—

"In fact, although physically the easiest, this was the most treacherous part of the entire ascent. A flake of snow or a chip of ice, whirled by the wind from the summit, and increasing as it rolled down the top of the mountain, might at length thunder on to our path, and sweep everything before it into the crevice. Everybody was aware of this; and for three-quarters of an hour we kept trudging hurriedly forward, scarcely daring to speak, and every now and then looking up with mistrust at the *calotte*, as the summit is termed, that rose above us in such cold and deceitful tranquillity. Once or twice in my life I have been placed in circumstances of the greatest peril, and I now experienced the same dead calm in which my feelings always were sunk on these occasions. I knew that every step we took was gained from the chance of a horrible death; and yet the only thing that actually distressed me was, that the two front lanterns would not keep the same distance from one another—a matter of the utmost importance to everybody."

Here again:—

"My eyelids had felt very heavy for the last hour; and, but for the absolute mortal necessity of keeping them widely open, I believe would have closed before this; but now such a strange and irrepressible desire to go to sleep seized hold of me, that I almost fell fast off as I sat down for a few minutes on the snow to tie my shoes. But the foremost guides were on the march again, and I was compelled to go on with the caravan. From this point, on to the summit, for a space of two hours, I was in such a strange state of mingled unconsciousness and acute observation—of combined sleeping and waking—that the old-fashioned word 'bewitched' is the only one that I can apply to the complete confusion and upsetting of sense in which I found myself plunged. With the perfect knowledge of where I was, and what I was about—even with such caution as was required to place my feet on particular places in the snow—I conjured up such a set of absurd and improbable phantoms about me, that the most spirit-ridden intruder upon a Mayday festival on the Hartz mountains was never more beleaguered. I am not sufficiently versed in the finer theories of the psychology of sleep to know if such a state might be; but I believe for the greater part of this bewildering period I was fast asleep, with my eyes open, and through them the wandering brain received external impressions; in the same manner as, upon awaking, the phantasms of our dreams are sometimes carried on, and connected with objects about the chamber. It is very difficult to explain the odd state in which I was, so to speak, entangled. A great many people I knew in London were accompanying me, and calling after me, as the stones did after Prince Pervis, in the *Arabian Nights*. Then there was some terribly elaborate affair that I could not settle, about two bedsteads, the whole blame of which transaction, whatever it was, lay on my shoulders; and then a literary friend came up, and told me he was sorry we could not pass over his ground on our way to the summit, but that the King of Prussia had forbidden it. Everything was as foolish and unconnected as this, but it worried me painfully; and my senses were under such little control, and I reeled and staggered almost so, that when we had crossed the snow prairie, and arrived at the foot of an almost perpendicular wall of ice, four or five hundred feet high—the terrible *Mer de la Côte*—up which we had to climb, I sat down again on the snow, and told Tairraz that I would not go any farther, but that they might leave me there if they pleased.

"The Mont Blanc guides are used to these little varieties of temper, above the Grand Plateau. In spite of my mad determination to go to sleep, Balmat and another set me up on my legs again, and told me that if I did not exercise every caution, we should all be lost together, for the most really dangerous part of the whole ascent had arrived. I had the greatest difficulty in getting my wandering wits into order; but the risk called for the strongest mental effort; and, with just sense enough to see that our success in scaling this awful precipice was entirely dependent upon 'pluck,' I got ready for the climb."

There are two nice nuts for the psychologist to crack—two actual experiences which every philosopher will make note of.

Portfolia.

We should do our utmost to encourage the Beautiful, for the Useful encourages itself.—GORTON.

BITS OF MY BOYHOOD.

"Well hast thou done, great artist Memory,
In setting round thy first experiment
With royal framework of wrought gold;

Ever, retiring, thou dost gaze
On the prime labour of thine early days."

TENNYSON, *Ode to Memory*.

DELIGHT in the delineation of character, and am never weary of tracing its formation and watching its issues. Of all reading, I prefer biography, and of this, autobiography is my favourite branch, as being able to give us a glance into those deeper and more secret places of character and experience, else unrevealed. It is not, however, the lives of the busy and conspicuous actors in the world's drama, that I care most to read; for, in them, generally, the glare of publicity seems to have put out

the quiet light of meditation, and the din of business to have drowned the still sad music of the conscious heart. Journals of Parliamentary proceedings, details of court intrigue and aristocratic festivities, reports of scientific bodies,—these, served up under the title of "biography," are dust and ashes to me. But more than gold do I prize the communications of one who remembers, and can describe the significant passages of his past history; who is candid enough to point out the sources of his weakness and his strength, the occasions of his fall and his triumph, or who will fix and portray for me those scenes of old days, which, by lingering in his memory, assert and vindicate their claim to his regard. I would turn from the fruit of the tree of life, however rich and plenteous, to examine the growth of its trunk, and the direction of its branches, and would even strive to get at its roots, in their depth and complexity beneath the native soil. He that undervalues knowledge is a fool, but he is, perhaps, a still greater fool that does not prize, more than knowledge, the wisdom that comes from a thoughtful contemplation of the various phases of a human life.

"If thou *hast* something, bring thy goods,
A fair exchange be thine;
If thou *art* something, bring thy soul,
And interchange with mine."

If the reader's taste agree with mine, in this respect, he will, perhaps, be induced to accompany me through the following short descriptions and reflections, in the hope of meeting with that "one touch of nature," which a true expression of real thoughts and feelings seldom, if ever, is without.

In one of the South-Western English counties, there is a small straggling village, whose church-spire can be seen from the high road, peeping over the tops of the orchards and rows of elms, with which the neighbourhood is thickly planted. It is a quiet little place, of that sort which strikes the traveller with wonder, as to what the inhabitants can do with themselves all day; or, rather, impresses him with an indescribable feeling, that it goes out of existence, when he has passed through it. On sunny afternoons, the overhanging gables of the old houses seem to nod as in sleep, and the villagers lean over their half-doors, and lazily blink into the street. One while, the stillness is broken by the wind, coming in from the meadows, and whirling round the straws and leaves before the doors; again, the street echoes with the voices and pattering feet of the children of the Dame-school, just let out. But these sounds gradually subside, and, at nightfall, the occasional barking of a house-dog, and a few ruddy glimpses of light, are all that denote wakefulness and life. At one end of the single street, stands an old red-brick house, with bow-windows and heavy window-frames, on the inside of which you may see, to this day, long-necked blue glasses, with hyacinth roots in them. About that house, my earliest recollections cling. How well do I remember, when quite a little child, being put, as a punishment, into a lumber-room of that old house, at dusk. I seem to hear, even now, the twittering of the birds on the eaves, and recall, with pity, my feelings of awe as it grew darker and darker, merging into dumb terror, when night fell, and the moon rose and looked in upon me, through the latticed window; and my bitter and passionate sobbing, when I was brought down into the bright and warm parlour, to be forgiven.

Perfectly, too, can I remember the funeral which I witnessed, from the nursery windows of that old house, (it was my first hint of death!) my shrinking back at the sight of the black coffin, and the gloomy faces of the mourners; my dread at the idea of the damp grave and lonely churchyard, at the very thought of which I used to wake in my little bed at night, and scream to find myself alone. These things have remained deeply graven on my mind, through many a worldly plan and many a busy scene; and they

"Run molten still in memory's mould,
And will not cool."

I am no believer in that theory which regards the mind of the newly-born child as a sheet of blank paper, destined to have its character written upon it by the pen of time. My own experience contradicts this notion. I can distinctly remember to have possessed tendencies and passions in my earliest years in no way traceable to circumstances of nurture or training, and which I must accordingly regard as innate and latent from the beginning. Be it the result of organization, or be it what it may, the child has a character no less distinctly marked, often more so, than the man. As a child, I was reflective, timid, even cowardly, most grateful for kindness and sensitive to praise, not truthful (few children, especially of such a cast of mind, are), cruel in my desires if provoked to anger, yet capable of sympathising to a degree of self-distress with suffering that appealed to my imagination.

If the reader be acquainted with that charming story, *The Caxtons*, he will remember a great many weighty arguments adduced by the sage and learned Mr. Caxton, in favour of sending his son, Pisistratus, a rather precocious youngster, to a good school, where play and work should combine to promote active enjoyment and generous emulation, and to check premature dreaminess and reflection. On the whole, I agree with the learned gentleman, and think his plan a wise one; though I am not insensible to the many plausible arguments available for the other side of the question. Therefore I must consider it as fortunate that I was sent early to school, albeit for only a short season, and that season, as will be seen, not without

its hardships and shortcomings. The school to which I was sent was a large "Grammar school" in a neighbouring town. This little episode of my life had its tragic and its comic aspects, as well as one which, at the time, was simply dreary, but which in retrospect partakes in some measure of the character of both the others. By this last I mean the school-hours; the instruction being decidedly of that class which Carlyle terms "hide-bound pedantry"—"*Propria quæ maribus*"—got by rote, and arithmetic taught after the horrible "rule-drilling" fashion, once almost universal, but now, thank Heaven and Professor de Morgan, fast disappearing from amongst us. My tragic experiences were rather numerous. A mere child amongst a set of boys possessing almost the strength and none of the caution of men, turned loose in a playground, it is marvellous to me, on looking back, how I escaped with life, or at least with unbroken bones. As it is, I vividly remember profuse bleedings from nose and mouth by unlucky back-stroke of wooden sword or single-stick, knock-down blows from large stones (in some instances, I am afraid, intentional), and worse than all, standing out in horrible prominence, blows in the stomach, or, as the boys phrased it, "in the wind," attended with instantaneous doubling-up, and fearful gasping for breath. The comedy of this period of my life, and which forms a set-off against these many disasters, was supplied by the face-making powers of two of my schoolfellows, who used, by the most frightful contortions of visage, to vie with one another for my approbation and laughter; sometimes for a more substantial prize—the very same for which the three goddesses displayed their rival charms before the shepherd of Mount Ida—an apple; to be awarded, however, not to the most consummate beauty, but to the most frightful and outrageous ugliness. My task, as judge, was not always an easy one. There was in one of the candidates, a power of becoming first red, then purple, then black in the face, and steadily advancing to within an ace of bursting a bloodvessel, which strongly prepossessed me in his favour. But there was a "sameness of splendour" about this performance, that palled on me at length, while that of his rival displayed more versatility of feature, and was occasionally rendered very piquant, by a happy knack he had of looking over his shoulder with one eye, and down the side of his nose with the other.

Just as the current of my school life was beginning to run somewhat more smoothly, it was interrupted by my father's removal to London, and his taking me with him. Nor was it resumed for two years. Had I been one of a large family, this would have been less injurious, for, in that case, I should have been under influences at home similar to those of a school, and, where they are wisely managed, the best possible for repressing selfishness, tutoring the temper, and calling out the affections. Unluckily, I was an only child, and, as we had no acquaintances, or few, in the metropolis, removal from school meant, in my case, total isolation from those of my own age and pursuits. Moreover, I cannot help regarding it as a misfortune, on other grounds, that London should have been the place where I was destined to spend my next two years. For though, as I have said, children have a character no less than men, yet that character is not matured or confirmed in them, but susceptible of vast alteration and modification, in various ways, and, among these, not the least important, in my opinion, is a judicious selection of the scenery, using that word in its widest sense, amidst which they live.

This is, of course, of less consequence, in the case of a dull and unimaginative child, than in that of a sensitive and thoughtful one. The impressions made upon the latter, by the aspect of things around him, are deep and unfaceable. They give a tone to his thoughts, and a colour to his dreams; and, in after life, make themselves felt again and again, to cheer or to depress. Little do you think, in choosing your place of abode, how great a stake in your decision the child at your side may have—how vastly greater than your own can be. His being is yet in the hands of the great sculptor, Circumstance, its form and attitude alike undetermined. You are a finished statue, and, whether you be rough hewn or *ad unguem redactus*, so you will remain, whether degraded to the obscurity of the lumber-room, or set aloft, on the most conspicuous pedestal in the gallery.

Some features of our journey to London stand out in my memory, and claim a place in this veritable record of my youthful experiences. We travelled up by a tedious, old-fashioned stage-coach, which rolled along with a stately swagger at the rate of nine miles an hour. I remember to have been delighted with the snugness of its padded-leather interior, and the capacious pockets of its doors, in which I stored our sandwiches and biscuits, with a tremulous sense of the vastness of the sixteen hours journey that lay before us. I remember, too, my wonder at the large bright plane visible from the coach-window, and seeming to keep up with us as we went along; my surprise at the apathetic indifference of a heavy great-coated boy who came into the coach at Andover and slept all the way; my enthusiasm when we passed Runnymede in the morning, and my disappointment at London when we got there at last. The expectation I had formed of London was rather a curious one. One of my favourite books had been an old history of Rome, the frontispiece of which was a view of some part of that city, presenting the usual features of temples, pillars, and statues, and exhibiting in the foreground an ancient chariot from which some stately personage in a toga was restraining the prancing of four very arch-necked steeds, whose upraised hoofs threatened destruction to one or two grave-looking individuals, bearded and habited like the charioteer. Rome was a great city; so was London; and the latter even less known to me than the former, of which I had got some idea from the famous picture aforesaid.

This idea, in my ignorance, I half expected to find realized in the modern city, and when I found instead, just such houses as we had in the country, only bigger, and men and women just like my own father and mother, and instead of a "quadriga" met a hackney-coach, I was naturally disgusted with the great capital, and looked upon her greatness and glory as nothing more than shams, exclaiming—

"Is this the mighty city? Is this all?"

My father's circumstances led him to choose Islington as a residence, and we accordingly took up with the semi-gentility of that "suburban retreat northerly," as Charles Lamb says. Islington is in my reminiscences the reverse of "merry." The images which come crowding on my mind as I look back to this period of my life, are those of dull squares, horribly resonant all the morning of London cries, and whose tedium for the rest of the dreary day (and in fine weather they seemed to me, somehow, more dreary than ever) was unbroken save by the rare entrance of an itinerant "Punch;" more often deepened into mournfulness by the melancholy strains of the barrel-organ. Places, too, I recollect in that neighbourhood, that seemed to have been visited by all the blighting influences of a large city without enjoying any of its compensations;—small back streets, the abode evidently neither of the absolutely poor, nor of the comfortable middle-class, but bearing an aspect of sordid, pinched and struggling meanness, more painful to contemplate than downright poverty, because unrelieved by that sort of recklessness which generally accompanies the latter;—streets, the uniformity of whose dingy black house-fronts is only broken by an occasional gin-shop or shop-window displaying Sunday newspapers and "back-slum" periodicals—whose first-page, perchance, shows a wretched wood-cut of a masked cavalier, in slouched hat and cloak, threatening with up-lifted dagger a slim-waisted lady with long curls, who kneels and holds up a crucifix; with the causes and catastrophe of the harrowing scene set forth in frowzy type beneath, and summed up in the title of "The Bloody Revenge."

The strong dislike of these streets which I then felt, and feel to this day, was increased to horror by a fearful tragedy which occurred in one of them not far from where we then lived. One night a German jeweller murdered his wife and three children, and then committed suicide, and the bodies of the wretched man and his victims were first discovered by the servant, who lived out of the house, on her return to it in the morning. I recollect the trembling and breathless curiosity with which, a few days afterwards, I walked down that street, taking care to keep on the opposite side of the way, and the sickening dread with which I heard a description of the unhallowed and torch-lit burial of the murderer.

Rises to memory also a vision of the long, dusty, populous "City Road," with its never-ceasing stream of omnibuses, its shabby book-stalls, its green grocers' shops with their peculiar fragrance, and occasionally, worse than all,—a crowded and pent-up graveyard. And here let me pause a moment to add my feeble voice to the cry of just indignation which has gone forth against the abominable practice of burying the dead amidst the haunts and homes of the living. I shall not here urge the great and conclusive argument against it—its fatal effects upon the health of the community. These have been demonstrated by abler pens than mine, and demonstrated so clearly and convincingly, that the practice is *doomed*—however long the opposition of its interested upholders and the apathy of the public may avert its doom. What I deprecate now, is the saddening and humiliating influences which crowded burial-grounds in the midst of the sights and sounds of busy life exert upon all sensitive minds, and more especially those of the young. To me there are few more shocking and depressing spectacles than the hurried funerals which are of daily occurrence in such places, in which the last words of peace and hope are drowned in the roar of the busy stream that goes whirling by, and the sacred emotions of the mourners are exposed to the stare of the idle and unfeeling who look on as at a show. This objection may perhaps be regarded as "sentimental" by those who are not much affected by anything beyond the quantity and quality of their dinner and the state of the funds; but it is one which I felt long before I was able either to analyze or express it, and I here record it on behalf of all, whether children or men, whose true instincts revolt against any outrage to the dignity and decency of the "last scene of all."

Another reminiscence of my suburban life is of walks in the fields, which then terminated the fast-encroaching streets and terraces of Pentonville, many of whose children they furnish with their only image of the country. How different they were from those to which I had been accustomed! The very grass seemed ranker and less fresh, the stagnant pools and clays-pits contrasted sadly with the clear "streamlets of the West," and amid the smoke of the great city, and the poisonous vapour of the brick-kilns, the milk-factories of the Cockney cow-keepers seemed a mockery of the sweet barns and sheds,

"Warm with the breath of kine,"

which I had left behind me in the lanes and fields of Somersetshire.

But I have one pleasant recollection of this period to set off against these rather dismal ones,—a visit to Drury-lane Theatre. The first visit to the theatre is an event that stands out in the memory of most men, and its wonders and delights have been so admirably described by men of genius, that prudence bids me only say that to my imagination, depressed by my lonely wanderings, that visit was an escape into a fairy-land of light, colour, and music, where a pent-up craving for beauty and merriment was revealed, and found a way. Here the vast crowd did not repel and drive

inward this feeling, as in the streets, but all seemed fused together in the genial atmosphere of sympathetic delight.

"A noble spectacle! Noble in mirth—
Nobler in sacred fellowship of tears!
I've often asked myself what sight on earth
Is worth the fancying of our fellow-spheres;
And this is one—whole hosts in love with worth,
Judging the shapes of their own hopes and fears."

LEIGH HUNT.

But dull and chilling though my outward world was for the most part, and meagre as were its interests, I had already begun to find rich enjoyments and bright scenes in the world of fiction,—that refuge of the lonely, that refreshment of the weary, and blessed cordial of the sad; and the want of companions and the absence of boyish pleasures mattered less to me now that I was able to wander at will "by the shores of old Romance," through the glades of merrie England, or over the Scottish heath, or in any part of that wide region, which the Magician of the North "rules as his domain;" now a lover of fair Margaret of Branksome, and ready to do mortal combat for her, with Lord Cranstoun and Sir William of Deloraine, both at once; now travelling, on foot, up to London, with Jeannie Deans, to get her sister's pardon from the Queen; now with Quentin Durward, escorting two high-born damsels, through the "pleasant land of France," and occasionally getting a sweet stolen interview with the younger and fairer, his lady-love and mine, at a turret-window, or behind a grating, or in some such tantalising situation.

I should not like to read again my favourite books of this period—the novels and poems of Sir Walter Scott,—although I am fully aware that I should find in them much of meaning and interest, which was then hidden from me, and, besides, should be able to form a more critical appreciation of their merits. Yet I would not, for all this, spoil the delicious first impression which remains upon my mind. Indeed, the stern experience of actual life, disqualifies a man for entering into and enjoying the high-wrought scenes, and romantic incidents, which Scott drew with such a master-hand. The man reads adventures and romance, as one who looks on at a gorgeous pageant, which concerns him not, and coolly criticizes its arrangement, and the skill of its "getting-up." The boy reads with an unconscious reference to his own future, with all its glorious possibilities, as yet undisputed by the cold touch of the actual, and his zest deepens

"As he hears his days before him and the tumult of his life,
Yearning for the large excitement that the coming years will yield."

Fortunately for me, our removal from London, and my being again sent to school, put an end, for awhile, to my days and nights of fiction-reading. I say *fortunately*, because, in spite of the great delight, and, in some respects, benefit, which I found in it, I regard it as too stimulating a food for the young mind, unless taken sparingly, especially in cases such as mine, where there was an undue tendency to introspection. The greater the enjoyment of fiction in the young, the greater is their danger from it; and, one truth which I have purchased by experience, and which I am anxious to communicate, is, that there is an appropriate season for each of the powers of the mind and graces of the character, in all their degrees, and that the premature ripening of any one of these will be dearly paid for, sooner or later, by the equally unseasonable immaturity of some other. Therefore, I grieve, when

"Boyhood invades the phantasies of youth,
Rocked in imagination's golden arms,
And leaves its own delights of healthy truth,
For immature and visionary charms."—R. M. MILNES.

The object of education, using that word in its most comprehensive sense, as including all the influences which can be brought to bear upon the young, is the harmonious culture of all the faculties of their nature, moral, intellectual, and physical. And, if it be said that genius is often only an excessive manifestation of some one mental power, I would reply that there must be a certain development of the other powers, of the whole character, in fact, as a basis for that genius to become efficacious, and not a mere torment to its possessor; and, further, that genius, where it does really exist, will manifest itself in greater strength and perfection, for the due cultivation of the whole nature.

My recollections now carry me back again to the West, to a cathedral city, in which I spent the next ten years of my life. That place, wherever I may be, is always more interesting to me than any other. It is natural for a man to regard, with strong and peculiar feeling, the scenes amid which he grew up, from boyhood to manhood. Here, most of all, his character was formed. Here he found himself, when ripened reflection first brought the sense of personality, with its accompanying responsibilities and resolves. Here the "sweet indefinite desires" of youth came thronging thick upon him, and cast a glory on his path. Here his young ambition first burned within him. Here he formed his first friendships—friendships such as he will never form again, with their complete and unsuspecting interchange of bosom thoughts and confidences. And here he looked up, in boyish hero-worship, to his young superiors in boldness or cleverness, the advantage, perchance, of a few seasons' seniority, with an admiration greater, if less discriminating, than he now pays to the objects of a nation's applause.

But there are other reasons, why the place in which such years are spent should be more deeply remembered than any subsequent scene. We know it more intimately. We make acquaintance with it, when our senses are

at their keenest. The man walks through the streets and fields, with thoughts occupied with his interests, pursuits, and cares. The boy roams here and there with exploring eye, in the full but unconscious exercise of his growing powers of observation. On half-holidays, he has no business to hurry him through town or country, or to make him heedless of what is before and around him. He will stand, in the sunny afternoon, at the door of the coach-office, heedless of the jostling and oburgation of the porters, till the last passenger has got down; or he will be nutting in the woods or the hill-side, madly grasping at the tantalising full clusters hanging just out of reach, heedless of flapped face and scratched hands; now swinging off his legs, by the upspring of the bough; now dropping to the ground, amid a shower of twigs and leaves, with the prize clutched in his trembling fingers. And so the features of both town and country will stamp themselves upon his mind, with a vividness which the impressions of after life can neither rival nor efface. Hence, as has been often observed, the localities in which poets have spent their youth, furnish them with their most natural and striking pictures, and give a character to the imagery they employ. Thus, Tennyson's poetry is full of the most exquisite bits of Lincolnshire landscape, each containing more nature than fifty pastoral poems; the open wold, the breezy upland, the meadow, with its cuckoo-flowers,—the pool, with its belt of grey willows,—all are there.

The school to which I went, in this old city, numbered about ten boys, and was conducted by an elderly man, who, though a sound classic, and compelled, in the exercise of his craft, to keep up his acquaintance with the beggarly elements of Greek and Latin Grammar, had, for the last forty years, ceased to make any addition to his learning. After school, he read his newspaper, and smoked his pipe, and what was "Hecuba to him or he to Hecuba?"

It has been truly said, by Dr. Arnold, that the instructions of a man of this sort, compared with those of one who is himself alive and interested in the pursuit of knowledge, are like water from a stagnant pool, compared with invigorating draughts from a fresh and running stream. Accordingly, my progress did not get beyond

"The mere schoolboy's lean and tardy growth;"

and the hours which I passed at my school-desk, were mostly spent in counting the marbles in my pocket, or in intense contemplation of a double-bladed knife, or day-dreams of adventurous pirates and jocular midshipmen, bred of some recent novel of Marryatt or Cooper. Owing to the circumstances under which I prepared it at school, I can never read Horace's

"Vides ut altâ stet nive candidum
Soracte —"

without vivid associations of a hot afternoon, and bites taken, by stealth, out of the juicy side of a Windsor pear. Oh! what a mockery it seemed to be, looking out nouns and verbs in Ainsworth's *Dictionary*, when the country was flooded with sunlight, and the dancing vine-leaves tapped against the school-room window, and reminded us that the cool evening airs were beginning to stir abroad. However, the restraint was afterwards compensated, by the way in which we used to burst through the town, to the meadows by the river-side. But Tom Hood has exquisitely described this very moment of schoolboy existence:—

"It was a summer's evening,
An evening calm and cool,
And four-and-twenty happy boys
Came bounding out of school;
There were some that leapt and some that ran,
Like troutlets in a pool.

They came to a level mead, and there
They pitched the wickets in;
Pleasantly shone the setting sun,
Over the town of Lynn."—*Ballad of Eugene Aram.*

Like most boys, I had a great love for the water, and I love it still, in all its many shapes,—as it trickles from some "woodland urn," and winds among matted grass and sodden dark-red leaves; as it swells and deepens into still black pools, beneath bending willows; as it washes the banks of some historic river, and rushes murmuring to the sea; as it widens and spreads along the horizon, in a bright blue line, with a white sail or two bearing up in the distance, and a long dim smear of smoke from some far-off packet. Near our city was a canal, made some forty years ago, with grassy banks, and rich country on either side,—broad, deep, and winding, with here and there a creek, filled with dark masses of weeds, in which you might see "the great sulky pike, hanging midway down," and shoals of dace leaping in the sunshine. It was visited, too, occasionally, by strange-looking foreign craft, the trim-built American schooner, with her raking masts,—and the picturesque Dutch galliot, with its clean-scraped yellow deck and green-painted windows. This canal mingles largely in my recollections. I have visions of it under all aspects of the day and year,—on the fresh autumn morning, with the mist rising from the waters,—on the burning summer noon, when the sun was reflected from its surface, in sparkles of intolerable brightness, and the oar seemed to splash into molten gold,—white and sulphur-coloured butterflies flitting about its banks, and the heavy perch lying under the shadow of the bridge.

There was a culvert, through which a small stream trickled into this canal, and, into this culvert, a schoolfellow of mine and I used to creep, bared to the knee, and endeavour, with hand and foot, to prevent the large

eels from gliding into the deep water. We would sit in it for hours together, contentedly leaning against its damp and trickling walls, and were proud of it, as a sort of stronghold of ours, a dark and secret cavern. We even talked of fortifying it—for what, and against whom, Heaven knows! However, all such warlike intentions were frustrated, by the startling apparition, one day, of an angry countenance, at its entrance, and the threat of "a good hiding."

One feat two schoolfellows and I performed on that canal, of which we were extremely proud. We, some time beforehand, planned an excursion to the other end of it, distant sixteen miles, where there was a glorious wide river, with rocks and sea-gulls, very captivating to our inland-nurtured imaginations. We started, big with resolution, in the grey of the morning, and the first few miles disappeared rapidly beneath our vigorous strokes; but, as the day increased, and turned out intensely hot, there gradually appeared a tendency to prefer bathing to rowing; and the relaxing influences attending the bath, induced in us a decided inclination to sit, half dressed, upon the bank. On returning to the boat, the planks of which felt burning hot, a tendency to sulkiness and recrimination showed itself, in two of us, while the third, who was an easy good-tempered fellow, and who had, withal, partaken largely of our bottled cider, proposed to lie there till the cool of the evening, and then never mind the boat, but walk quietly home. But it would be tedious to relate, how, at last, we reached our destination, with blistered hands and mahogany-coloured faces; how we could get nothing there to eat; how we hated the boat, which we had to get back again; how often the cider-bottles were replenished; how our good-tempered companion, aforesaid, became, in the afternoon, incapable of rowing or talking, but seemed to find a placid delight in trailing his coat-sleeves in the water; how, when half-way home, and it grew a lovely evening, we moored our boat to the water-side, stepped across a few fields, to a quiet village-green, and enjoyed an amount of tea, and ham and eggs, that made up for all past labour; how we pulled over the remaining seven miles; how bridge after bridge, for a moment, shut out from view the broad full moon and stars, as we flew along, to the music of the rowlocks.

Will the reader pardon the insertion here of a few boyish verses, which I wrote a year or two after this period, but the truth of which my heart still confirms?—

I love thee well, old city,
Standing in pleasant vale,
Whether thou shinest in the sun
Or sleep'st in moonlight pale.
I love thee well in winter,
Thy streets all white with snow,
Thine evening lamps lit one by one,
Thy windows in a glow.
When, like a hoary father,
Thine old cathedral stands,
And seems, above his child's white pall,
To spread his aged hands.
I love thee when, in autumn,
Deep rains upon thee beat;
I love thee when the distant hills
Look misty with the heat.
Beneath all skies I love thee,
Rain, sunshine, hail, or snow,
Thou hast no rival in my heart,
Whitherso'er I go.

As I was once standing in the streets of a quaint Flemish town, oppressed with that sense of isolation which one sometimes experiences in a strange place, the queer old jangling chimes suddenly struck out above my head, and touched me with a feeling of ineffable sadness, telling of the rapid flight of time, and all that he had done for me, and all that he had failed to do. But this mood passed off, and then I thought that here, too, time had been entwining, for his children, fond memories, around church and square, and market-place, and mill and meadow; and the very strength of my own old associations, which had made me lonely, supplied me with sympathy for those of others, and I felt no longer a stranger. It is faith in the universality of this sympathy, that has induced me to set these scattered reminiscences before the reader.

The Arts.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

OWING to the indisposition of VIVIAN we present our readers with an abstract of the excellent criticism of the *Times* upon the recent production of *Jessonda* at Covent Garden:—

"Spohr's romantic opera of *Jessonda*—the third, and it may be presumed the last, novelty of the present season—was produced on Saturday night, for the first time on the Italian stage—not, as was stated in the bills, for the first time in this country, since it was performed many years ago, with eminent success, by a German company, at the St. James's Theatre, when the afterwards famous bass singer Staudigl made his *début* in England as Tristan. That the Royal Italian Opera is gradually advancing towards the position owned by the great musical establishment in the Rue Lepelletier—that of a national theatre, open to composers and singers of all nations, the only difference being that the Italian, instead of the vernacular tongue, is adopted as the sole medium of expression—can hardly be denied. A glance at the available *repertoire* is enough to establish that fact. We have no longer an Italian Opera, properly so called; and the cause must simply

be traced to the dearth of good Italian composers. But for the operas of Meyerbeer, indeed, and the works composed by Rossini and Donizetti for the Académie Royale de Musique, the present condition of our great lyric theatre would have been a doubtful one at the best, if even its existence had been prolonged up to the actual period. The most successful and profitable of the foreign operas which during the last seven years have been engrafted upon the Italian stage, *Fidelio* excepted, are those borrowed from the French stock. Owing to the interesting and dramatic character of their plots, these operas have served in an equal degree as vehicles for fine acting and fine singing. The thoroughly German works, on the other hand, courting attention chiefly to their elaborate and magnificent music, have hitherto been less happy in gaining proselytes among the public of the Italian Opera. Meyerbeer being for the moment exhausted, the *Camp of Silesia* a sealed book, and the *Africaine* still in embryo, the management was perfectly justified in its search for novelty, in giving a trial to one or two of the operas of a composer who enjoys so distinguished a reputation as Spohr, and whose *Azor* and *Zemira* may still be remembered as one of the most lucrative musical pieces ever brought out at Covent Garden when Covent Garden was an English theatre. The production of *Faust* was, therefore, a wise step, and that of *Jessonda* not less so. If the 'paying' operas, like the *Huguenots*, *Lucrezia Borgia*, &c., were given every week, their attraction would soon diminish, and their value to the treasury be dissipated. The legend of the bird which laid the golden eggs should not be forgotten by directors.

"It may be at once stated, that great pains have been bestowed by the Covent-garden management in getting up the opera, and that, though in some respects the cast might have been stronger, the whole performance manifested a respect

for the name of the composer, and was creditable to the establishment. *Jessonda*—like *Faust*, last season—obtained a *succès d'estime*. Liked and applauded by the connoisseurs and the general audience, it was patiently endured by the habitués of the stalls and grand tier boxes. Nevertheless, to the credit of all, it must be said, that even those who failed to understand and appreciate the music listened to it with attention, and that no marks of impatience interfered with the execution and enjoyment of a work which has been acknowledged a *chef d'œuvre* for upwards of thirty years, and belongs to the classics of the art. The most unexceptionable performance in the opera, however, was that of the High Priest, Dandan, by Herr Formes. The traditions of the part, both histrionic and musical, are doubtless familiar to the German *basso*, who must have played it often enough before he came to England. His conception of the character (a kind of pitiful Orestes) is remarkably picturesque; and his execution—although the music does not give him half so many chances of distinction—fine enough to place it on the same line as his Sarastro, in Mozart's *Zauberflöte*. The solemn priest, with religion in his mouth and nothing but pride and relentless bigotry in his heart, was never lost sight of. It was a true and striking, though repulsive picture. In such parts Herr Formes has no rival, and it was to be regretted that the sombre air with chorus, 'Tu che sei sovra le sfere' ('Der auf morgen abend') in which the High Priest invokes his Deity, was the only one allotted to him. What little Signor Stigelli had to sing, as Lopez, was sung carefully and well, as is usual with this gentleman. *Jessonda* having originally been composed with recitatives (an innovation which Iphor was the first to make in German opera, and in defence of which he wrote a preface), the trouble of composing new ones, as for *Der Freischütz* and *Faust*, was happily uncalled for."

HEALTH OF LONDON DURING THE WEEK.

THE number of deaths registered last week in the metropolis was 991; in the previous week it was 1004. In corresponding weeks of the years 1843-52, exclusive of that in 1849 (when cholera raised the total mortality of that week to 1909), the numbers ranged from 801 to 1135. With the exception of the infant part of the population who suffer as usual at this season, the health of London appears to be comparatively good.

In the returns of fatal diseases the chief feature is the progress of diarrhoea. The deaths referred to this complaint in the last six weeks are 28, 34, 54, 73, 81, and 110. Of the 110 persons to whom it was fatal, 64 were males, 46 were females; and of the whole number 78 were children under one year. Only two children died last week of small-pox; only 16 of measles (though in the previous week the number was 34); while 33 died of scarlatina, showing an increase of 10 on the previous week's return.

Last week the births of 769 boys and 779 girls, in all 1548 children, were registered in London. In the eight corresponding weeks of the years 1845-52 the average number was 1332.

At the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, the mean height of the barometer in the week was 29.876 in. The reading of the barometer decreased from 29.85 in. at the beginning of the week to 29.69 in. by 9h. P.M. on August 1st; increased to 29.86 in. by 9h. A.M. on the 3rd; remained at this reading with slight variation till 3h. P.M. on the 4th; increased to 30.08 in. by 9h. A.M. on the 6th; and decreased to 30.05 in. by the end of the week. The mean temperature of the week was 61.6 degs., which is slightly below the average of the same week in 38 years. The highest temperature occurred on Monday, and was 77 degs.; the lowest was 46.5 degs., and occurred on Friday. The greatest difference between the dew point temperature and air temperature was 18 degs. on Monday; the least 1.2 degs. on Wednesday; the mean difference of the week was 10.3 degs. The highest temperature of the water of the Thames was 65.2 degs. on Thursday and Friday. The wind was in the south-west on the first three days; on Wednesday it changed to south; it was afterwards in the north, and calm.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

On August the 5th, the wife of G. E. Hughes, D.C.L., of Doctors' Commons: a son.

On the 5th, at Fitzroy-park, Highgate (under chloroform), Mrs. Lewis C. Hertelet: a son.

On the 7th, at the Royal Arsenal, Woolwich, the wife of Lieutenant-Colonel Wilson, R.A., Director of the Royal Laboratory: a son.

On the 9th, at Putney-hill, the wife of Charles Warner Lewis, Esq., barrister-at-law: twin sons.

On the 9th, at Leigh Rectory, the wife of the Rev. C. R. Harrison: a son and daughter.

On the 11th, at 13, Bedford-row, the wife of Hugh William Elcum, Esq., solicitor: a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

On the 20th of June, at Trichonopoly, Lieutenant H. S. Rammeil, Esq., youngest son of T. Rammeil, Esq., of Ramsgate, to Mary Anne, daughter of Captain H. J. Nichols, H.E.I.C.S.

On August the 3rd, at Castle Menzies, Perthshire, by the Very Rev. E. B. Ramsay, Dean of the Diocese of Edinburgh, Robert Hay, Esq., second son of Sir Adam Hay, of Hayston, Bart., in the county of Peebles, to Sally, eldest daughter of A. Duncan, Esq., of Rhodé Island, in the United States of America.

On the 4th, at Wath, near Ripon, M. Ronde, youngest son of Edward Hawkins, Esq., of the British Museum, to Mary Littleale, only daughter of Frederick Greenwood, Esq., of Norton Conyers, Yorkshire.

On the 4th, at Walcot Church, Bath, Hugh Mallet, Esq. (late of the Fourth Light Dragoons), only son of H. Mallet, Esq., of Ash, North Devon, to Georgiana, youngest daughter of the late Hon. Henry Ashurst, Archdeacon of Norwich.

On the 9th, at St. Mary's, Paddington, Lieutenant-Colonel Studholme Hodgson, son of the late General and grandson of the late Field-Marshal Studholme Hodgson, to Caroline, relict of Sir John Palmer Bruce Chichester, Bart., of Arlington-court, Devonshire.

On the 10th, at St. George's, Hanover-square, Llewellyn Jones, Esq., of Newton Nottage, Glamorganshire, to Mary, the only daughter of Mr. Thomas Williams, of the same place.

On the 11th, at Weston-super-Mare, Edward Boucher Savile, Esq., of Barnstaple, Devon, to Cornelia Antonia O'Callaghan, youngest daughter of the Lady William Somerset.

On the 11th, at Christ Church, St. Marylebone, William M. Trollope, of 26, Parliament-street, solicitor, third son of George

Trollope, Esq., of Woodmansterne and Westminster, to Frances Elizabeth, eldest daughter of David Charles Porter, Esq., of 15, Park-place, Regent's-park.

DEATHS.

On the 11th of May, Lieutenant George Adolphus Pidcock, R.N., aged twenty-seven, youngest son of John Pidcock, Esq., M.D., Watford, Herts. He was killed in the capture of a pirate fleet by H.M.S. *Rattler*, in the China Seas, near Amoy, while acting Second Lieutenant of that ship.

On the 21st of May, of cholera, at the Dak Bungalow, Burdwan, Lieutenant F. A. Hook, of the Seventy-third Regiment of N.I., eldest son of the late Theodore Hook.

On the 23rd of June, Maurice H. Trevilian, Esq., R.N., of H.M.S. *Daring*, aged seventeen, third son of Major Trevilian, of Newberry-house, Frome. He was drowned by the boat upsetting in crossing the bar of the river Tambo, in the Gulf of Mexico.

On the 24th of July, at Corfu, Ionian Isles, Helen, the wife of the Rev. William Charteris.

On the 31st of July, at 65, Milton-street, Dorset-square, Mr. Thomas Bentley Lambie, member of the Royal College of Preceptors, aged thirty.

On the 2nd of August, at his father's house, Potsgrove, Mr. Thomas Paxton, the son of Thomas Paxton, Esq., and nephew of Sir Joseph Paxton, aged twenty-four.

On the 5th, at Genoa, Augustus Granet, Esq., Commissary-General to the Forces.

On the 10th, at the residence of her son, 43, Mornington-place, London, Mary Cruikshank, aged eighty-four, relict of the late Isaac Cruikshank, artist, and mother of Robert and George Cruikshank.

On the 10th, at Winterslow-place, Vassall-road, Brixton, Henry William Taylor, Esq., son of the late John Henry Taylor, Esq., of Crayford, Kent; also, on the same day, John Charles Edwards, Esq., brother-in-law of the above, and son of the late Charles Augustus Edwards, Esq., of Isleworth, Middlesex.

Commercial Affairs.

MONEY MARKET AND CITY INTELLIGENCE.

Friday Evening, August 12, 1853.

THE aspect of the market on Saturday last was more gloomy, and experienced a greater fall, than at any time during the current year. After the hours of business Consols were done as low as 96½, and the House closed with a general impression of a still greater depreciation for the ensuing week; the favourable news, however, appearing in the morning papers of Monday, caused an immediate rise of 1 per cent. on the price of Consols, which closed on that day at 97½ to 98 for the August account. Many of the heavy Railway Shares, both English and French, experienced an equal improvement—Paris and Strasbourg closing at 37½ to 38½; Paris and Lyons, 27½ to 28½; Northern, 35½ to 36½. London and North Western left off, on Saturday, as low as 113½ to 114½, and Great Western, 87½ to 88½; on Monday, the former closing at 115 to 115½, and the latter at 88½ to 89½. Still better prices were maintained on the following days—Strasbourgs having reached on Thursday 39 to 39½; yesterday (Friday) there was a slight decline in prices, the market being less steady than during the earlier part of the week. Consols were done at 98½ for the September account, falling afterwards to 98, 98½; Strasbourgs were quoted 38½, 39; Lyons, 28, 28½; London and North Western, 115½, 115½; Great Western, 90½, 90½; Lancashire and Yorkshire, 77½, 78; York and North Midland, 60, 61. Greater activity has shown itself in the Gold Mining Shares, and more bargains effected than for some weeks past, and at improved prices.

CORN MARKET.

Mark Lane, Friday, August 12, 1853.

The trade to-day is nominally the same as on Monday for Wheat, without much business passing. Barley is dull, with a downward tendency; and Oats are 6d. cheaper. Both Wheat and Indian Corn on passage are held at fully former prices.

BRITISH FUNDS FOR THE PAST WEEK.

(CLOSING PRICES.)

	Satur.	Mond.	Tues.	Wedn.	Thurs.	Frid.
Bank Stock	228	228	228	228	228	228
3 per Cent. Red.	97½	97½	98	98	98	98
3 per Cent. Con. Ans.	98½	98½	97	97	98	98
Consols for Account	96½	96½	97	97	98	98
3½ per Cent. Ans.	100	100	101	101	100	100
New 5 per Cents.	100	100	101	101	100	100
Long Ans., 1860	5½	5½	5½	5½	5½	5½
India Bonds, £1000	258½	258½	257½	257½	257½	257½
Ditto Bonds, £1000	25	27	21	21	21	21
Ex. Bills, £1000	1d 10	1d 10	1p	2d 10	par	par
Ditto, £250	1d 10	1d 10	1p	1p	par	par
Ditto, Small	1d 10	1d 10	1p	2d 10	par	par

FOREIGN FUNDS.

(LAST OFFICIAL QUOTATION DURING THE WEEK ENDING THURSDAY EVENING.)

Ecuador	5	Spanish 3 p. Cts. New Def.	2½
Granada Deferred	9	Spanish Passive, Conv.	2½
Portuguese 4 per Cents.	43½	Swedish Loan	62 pm.
Russian 4½ per Cents.	101½	Belgian 4½ per Cents.	99
Sardinian 5 per Cents.	96½	Dutch 2½ per Cents.	64
Spanish 3 p. Cents.	37½	Dutch 4 per Cent. Certif.	98½

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

In consequence of the Repeal of the Advertisement Duty, the following REDUCED SCALE is now charged for Advertising in this Journal:—

	£	s.	d.
Five Lines and under	0	2	6
Each additional Line	0	0	6
Half a Column	1	10	0
Whole Column	2	10	0

"LEADER" Newspaper,
7, Wellington Street, Strand.

** Advertisements reaching this Office on FRIDAY night will appear in ALL Editions.

NEXT WEEK,

A SUMMARY OF THE SESSION,

BY

"THE STRANGER,"

WILL APPEAR IN

The "Leader."

ZULU KAFIRS.—St. GEORGE'S GALLERY. LAST SIX DAYS of this startling and extraordinary Exhibition of Savage Life and Customs. Daily, at Half-past Three and Half-past Eight. Morning Reception, for Consolation with the Kafirs, from Eleven to One, admission One Shilling. Reserved Stalls, at Mr. Mitchell's, Royal Library, 33, Old Bond Street.

THE AZTEC LILLIPUTIANS, exhibiting Daily at the MARIONETTE THEATRE, Lower Arcade, Adelaide Street, Strand.—Admission, One Shilling; Reserved Seats, 2s. 6d. Afternoon Exhibition, Two till Five; Evening, Eight till Ten. The Aztecs are the Wonders of the World—a Race of the Human Family hitherto unknown. They have been honoured with a special command to appear before her Majesty the Queen, at Buckingham Palace. 50,000 of the elite of the Metropolis have looked with wonder on the Aztecs.

DR. KAHN'S ANATOMICAL MUSEUM, consisting of more than 700 Models, is Now Open, at the PORTLAND GALLERY, Regent Street (opposite the Polytechnic), every day except Friday, for Gentlemen only, from Eleven till Five, and from Seven till Ten. On Fridays, however, the Morning Exhibition for Gentlemen will close at Two o'clock, when Ladies only will be admitted until Five o'clock. Explanations for Gentlemen by Dr. Leach, and for Ladies by Mrs. Leach.—Admission, One Shilling.

MILITARY OR OTHER EDUCATION. A MARRIED GENTLEMAN who has been educated at Sandhurst, has passed a first-class examination, and has served in the Army at home and abroad, wishes to receive into his family ONE or TWO YOUNG GENTLEMEN, to educate for College or the Army.

References given and required. Apply, by letter, to B.C.A., Eldon Chambers, Devereux Court, Temple, or Goshie House, Bromley Common, Kent.

HEAL AND SON'S ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE OF BEDSTEADS, sent free by post, contains designs and prices of upwards of ONE HUNDRED different Bedsteads; also of every description of Bedding, Blankets, and Quilts. And their new warehouses contain an extensive assortment of Bed-room Furniture, Furniture-Chimneys, Damasks, and Dimities, so as to render their Establishment complete for the general furnishing of Bedrooms.

Heal and Son, Bedstead and Bedding Manufacturers,
106, Tottenham Court Road.

PENINSULAR and ORIENTAL STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY.

DEPARTURES OUTWARDS.

INDIA and CHINA, via EGYPT.—For Aden, Ceylon, Madras, Calcutta, Penang, Singapore, and Hong Kong on the 4th and 20th of every alternate month from Southampton, and on the 10th and 26th from Marseilles.

AUSTRALIA, via SINGAPORE.—For Adelaide, Port Philip, and Sydney (touching at Batavia), on the 4th September, and 4th of every alternate month thereafter from Southampton, and on the 10th of September and 10th of every alternate month thereafter from Marseilles.

MALTA and EGYPT.—On the 4th and 20th of every month from Southampton, and the 10th and 26th from Marseilles.

MALTA and CONSTANTINOPLE.—On the 27th of every month from Southampton.

SPAIN and PORTUGAL.—For Vigo, Oporto, Lisbon, Cadiz, and Gibraltar, from Southampton, on the 7th, 17th, and 27th of every month.

CALCUTTA and CHINA.—Vessels of the Company ply occasionally (generally once a month) between Calcutta, Penang, Singapore, Hong Kong, and Shanghai.

For further information and tariffs of the Company's rates of passage money and freight, for plans of the vessels, and to secure passages, &c., apply at the Company's Offices, 122, Leadenhall Street, London, and Oriental Place, Southampton.

ECONOMIC FREEHOLD LAND ASSOCIATION.

(Enrolled as the "Economic Benefit Building Society.") Shares £30 each. Entrance Fee 1s. per Share. Payments 1s. per week, with an additional Sixpence per Share for Expenses per Quarter, after Subscription Day during the Quarter. The chief object of this Association is to promote the Social Elevation and Political Enfranchisement of the People. Central Office, Literary Institution, John-street, Fitzroy-square. President: William Coningham, Esq.; Solicitor: Octavius Leefe, Esq., 90, New Bond-street; Surveyor: John William Milnes, Esq., Lorn-road, Brighton; Secretary: Mr. Henry A. Ivory, 52, College-place, Camden-town.

AN ELIGIBLE ESTATE. Situated at Wood Green, close to the Horses Station of the Great Northern Railway, consisting of Eleven Acres, has been purchased for the Society, and will be shortly BALLOTTED FOR. Persons joining immediately will be eligible to participate in the Ballot.

Mode of Allotment, by Seniority and Ballot. Suspension of Payments in times of illness or depression of trade. No limit to the number of Shares to be held by any Member. Law Expenses not to exceed 30s. per Deed, exclusive of stamps and parchment. Each Member charged from the time of entrance. Payments not increased after the Member has an Allotment. Deposits received at four per cent per annum. Ladies and Minors are equally eligible to the benefits of this Association. Members can enrol for Shares between the hours of Eight and Ten every Tuesday Evening, at the Central Office. Further particulars may be obtained on application to the Secretary.

THE BEST SHOW OF IRON BED-STEADS in the Kingdom is WILLIAM S. BURTON'S.

He has added to his Show-rooms TWO VERY LARGE ONES, which are devoted to the EXCLUSIVE SHOW of Iron and Brass Bedsteads and Children's Cots, with appropriate Bedding and Mattresses. Common Iron Bedsteads, from 16s. 3d.; Portable Folding Bedsteads, from 12s. 6d.; Patent Iron Bedsteads, fitted with dovetail joints and patent sacking, from 19s. 6d.; and Cots, from 20s. each. Handsome ornamental Iron and Brass Bedsteads, in great variety, from £2 3s. to £13 13s.

WILLIAM S. BURTON has TEN LARGE SHOW-ROOMS (all communicating), exclusive of the Shop, devoted solely to the show of GENERAL FURNISHING IRON-MONGERY (including cutlery, nickel silver, plated, and japanned wares), so arranged and classified that purchasers may easily and at once make their selections.

Catalogues, with engravings, sent (per post) free. The money returned for every article not approved of.

No. 39, OXFORD-STREET (corner of Newman-street); Nos. 1 & 2, NEWMAN-STREET; and Nos. 4 & 5, PERRY'S-PLACE.

TEA!

CULLINGHAM AND COMPANY.

The advantages, both in quality and price, to be derived from purchasing at a first-class City House, must be too apparent to every one to need comment.

We are now selling	s. d.
The very best Black Tea	at 4 0 the pound.
Good sound Congou	3 0 "
Finest Pekoe ditto	3 8 "
Fine Gunpowder	3 8 "
Choice Coffee	1 0 "
Finest Homoeopathic Cocoa	1 0 "

This is the most pleasant and nutritious preparation of Cocoa. For the convenience of our numerous customers, we retail the finest West India and Refined Sugars at market prices.

All goods delivered by our own vans, free of charge, within eight miles of London. Parcels of Tea and Coffee, of the value of Two Pounds sterling, are sent, carriage free, to any part of England.

CULLINGHAM and Company,
Tea-merchants and Dealers,
27, SKINNER STREET, SNOW HILL, CITY.

THE TEA DUTY is NOW REDUCED,

and we are enabled to sell	
Prime Congou Tea at	3s. 0d. per lb.
The best Congou Tea at	3s. 4d. "
Rich rare Souchong Tea at	3s. 8d. "
Good Green Tea at	3s. 4d. to 3s. 8d. "
Prime Green Tea at	4s. 0d. "
And delicious Green Tea at	5s. 0d. "

We strongly recommend our friends to buy Tea at our present prices, as Teas are getting dearer. Those who purchase now will save money.

The best PLANTATION COFFEE is now 1s. per lb. The best Mocha is 4d.

Teas, Coffees, and all other goods, sent carriage free, by our own vans and carts, if within eight miles; and Teas, Coffees, and Spices sent carriage free to any part of England, if to the value of 40s. or upwards, by

PHILLIPS AND COMPANY,
Tea and Colonial Merchants,
No. 8, King William Street, City, London.

THE PATENT PRINTING MACHINERY and PRINTING COMPANY.

BENIOWSKI'S PATENTS.

Provisionally Registered. To be Incorporated under 7 and 8 Victoria, cap. 110.

Capital £130,000, in 65,000 shares of £2 each; £1 to be paid on allotment, with power to increase it to £250,000.

TREASURERS.

Right Hon. Thomas Milner Gibson, M.P., Wilton-crescent.
Michael Thomas Bass, Esq., M.P., Eaton-place.

DIRECTORS.

Michael Thomas Bass, Esq., M.P., Eaton-place.
Vandeleur, B. Craike, Esq., Somers-place, Hyde-park.
Professor Cressy, University College, London.
John Greene, Esq., M.P., King-street, St. James's.
Albert Francis Jackson, Esq., Putney, Surrey.
George Frederick Muniz, Esq., M.P., St. James's-square.
Thomas Marsh Nelson, Esq., Charles-street, St. James's.
Arthur John Otway, Esq., M.P., Princes-terrace, Hyde-park.
Francis W. Russell, Esq., M.P., Westbourne-street, Hyde-park.
Thomas Winkworth, Esq., 7, Sussex-place, Canonbury.

BANKERS.

The Commercial Bank of London, Lothbury; and
Messrs. Charles Hopkinson and Co., 3, Regent-street.

SOLICITORS.

St. Barbe Sladen, Esq., 14, Parliament-street, Westminster.

BROKERS.

Messrs. Price and Brown, Change-alley, Cornhill.

OFFICIAL AUDITOR.

George G. Begbie, Esq., 10, Coleman-street, City.

SECRETARY—W. H. Greene, Esq.

Offices—5, Waterloo-place.

This Company is formed for the purpose of carrying out in Great Britain, Ireland, and the Colonies, Beniowski's numerous and important patented inventions, connected with Letterpress Printing, &c., the patents having been secured upon highly-advantageous terms.

It is obviously impossible to describe, within the limits of an ordinary advertisement, the various improvements which these patents—the result of many years' intense mental labour as well as a large expenditure of money—are calculated to effect; detailed explanations of them, however, may be obtained on application to the Secretary or Brokers of the Company—suffice it to say they extend to every department of the various branches of the trades with which they are connected, including types, type casting, composing, printing, printing-machines, inking rollers, printing for the blind, &c., accomplishing, in letterpress printing alone, a saving to an extent almost incredible—a revolution will thus be established in printing analogous to that effected in weaving by the application of the power-loom, enabling men, women, and children, with but little previous instruction, to become skilful compositors.

By the new mode of forming the types (to speak only of one of the striking features of these inventions), any man, woman, or child, who is acquainted with the common alphabet, will be enabled to become a useful and correct compositor, with only a few days' previous instruction; and by other inventions contained in these patents, the mechanical toil and irksomeness of composing are greatly diminished, whilst the production is increased fivefold—so that this most important branch of the printer's art will be made easy with regard to bodily toil, as well as simple with regard to mental preparation. A new field for employment will thus be opened to thousands of that sex and those classes to which society offers at present so few remunerative channels for the exertion of honest industry.

By carrying into effect these inventions, the price of books, of newspapers, and of every product of the press, must be greatly diminished, and an impetus will thus be given to the advancement of knowledge and the diffusion of education greater than any that has been seen in England since Caxton's first introduction of moveable types into this country, nearly four centuries ago.

The Directors have agreed with the Proprietors for the absolute assignment of the English, Scotch, Irish, and Colonial patents, together with all the machinery, models, and plant of every description as at present in their possession, in consideration of 15,000 shares in the undertaking, with an equal division of the profits after the shareholders shall have realized a dividend of eight per cent. per annum.

1,000 free shares will be appropriated to the promoters, as remuneration for the trouble and expenses they have incurred in bringing this important undertaking before the public.

By this arrangement the proprietors manifest their great confidence in the soundness of the undertaking, and the Company have secured their zealous co-operation, as well as that of the patentee, in the working of the inventions for the mutual benefit of themselves and the shareholders.

The annual profits of the Company, it will be demonstrated, will, after allowing a very great reduction in the present price of printing, permit of an unusually large dividend, the patents securing a monopoly of types, inking rollers, printing machines, &c., whilst the operations of the Company, unlike most other speculations, will be carried on under the immediate eyes of the shareholders—thereby constituting "The Patent Printing Machinery and Printing Company," in its financial equally as in its social character, one of the most important and valuable that has ever appeared before the public.

Application for shares to be made to the brokers, the solicitor, or at the offices of the Company, where all the details will be explained.

FORM OF APPLICATION.

To the Provisional Directors of the Patent Printing Machinery and Printing Company (Beniowski's Patents).

Gentlemen,—I request you will apportion to me shares in the above Company, and I hereby agree to accept the same, or such less number as you may be pleased to allot to me, and to sign the deed of settlement when required.

I am, gentlemen, your obedient servant,

Name in full.....
Profession or trade.....
Address.....
Date.....
Reference.....

SHIRTS.—FORD'S EUREKA SHIRTS

are not sold by any hosiers or drapers, and can therefore be obtained only at 3s. 6d. per shirt. Gentlemen in the country or abroad, ordering through their agents, are requested to observe on the interior of the collar-hand the stamp—

"FORD'S EUREKA SHIRTS, 3s. 6d. per shirt," without which none are genuine. They are made in two qualities—First quality, 4s. the half-dozen; second quality, 3s. the half-dozen. Gentlemen who are desirous of purchasing Shirts in the very best manner in which they can be made, are solicited to inspect these, the most unique and only perfect fitting Shirts. List of prices and instructions for measurement, post free, and patterns of the new coloured shirtings free on receipt of six stamps.
RICHARD FORD, 38, POULTRY, LONDON.

BANK OF DEPOSIT.

7, ST. MARTIN'S PLACE, TRAFALGAR SQUARE, LONDON.

PARTIES desirous of INVESTING

MONEY are requested to examine the Plan of this Institution, by which a high rate of Interest may be obtained with perfect security.

Interest payable in January and July.

PETER MORRISON, Managing Director.
Prospectuses free on application.

BANKS OF DEPOSIT AND SAVINGS BANKS.

INVESTMENT OF CAPITAL AND SAVINGS.

NATIONAL ASSURANCE and INVESTMENT ASSOCIATION.

7, ST. MARTIN'S PLACE, TRAFALGAR SQUARE, LONDON,
AND 50, PAUL MALL, MANCHESTER.

Established in 1844.

TRUSTEES.

Lieut.-Col. the Right Honourable Lord George Paget, M.P.
Rev. Joseph Prendergast, D.D. (Cantab.), Lewisham.
George Stone, Esq., Banker, Lombard Street.
Matthew Hutton Chaytor, Esq., Reigate.

The Investment of Money with this Association secures equal advantages to the Savings of the Provident and the Capital of the Affluent, and affords to both the means of realising the highest rate of Interest yielded by first-class securities, in which alone the Funds are employed.

The constant demand for advances upon securities of that peculiar class, which are offered almost exclusively to Life Assurance Companies, such as Reversions, Life Interests, &c., enables the Board of Management to employ Capital on more advantageous terms and at higher rates of Interest than could otherwise, with equal safety, be obtained.

The present rate of Interest is five per cent. per annum, and this rate will continue to be paid so long as the Assurance department finds the same safe and profitable employment for money.

Interest payable half-yearly in January and July.

Money intended for Investment is received daily between the hours of 10 and 4 o'clock, at the Offices of the Association.

Immediate Annuities granted, and the business of Life Assurance in all its branches, transacted, on highly advantageous terms. Rates, Prospectuses, and Forms of Proposal, with every requisite information, may be obtained on application at the offices of the Association, or to the respective Agents throughout the United Kingdom.

PETER MORRISON, Managing Director.

Applications for Agencies may be made to the Managing Director.

MANCHESTER and LONDON LIFE ASSURANCE and LOAN ASSOCIATION, 77, King Street, Manchester; 45, West Strand, London.

The business of this Association is that of—

1. Life and survivorship risks of every description—Civil, Naval, or Military.
2. Loans on equitable terms, life assurance being contemporaneously effected, upon approved personal or any other sufficient security.
3. Assurance upon half-credit scale of rates.
4. Endowments for children, on non-returnable or returnable premiums.
5. Policies payable to bearer.
6. Whole world policies, being perfect securities, payable to bearer or otherwise, at moderate additional rates.
7. Policies without extra rates, to persons in the Militia or others, not forfeited if killed in defending the country from invasion.
8. Notices of the assignment of policies registered.
9. Medical Referee paid by this Association.
10. Age of the life assured admitted on all policies, reasonable proof being given.
11. Stamp duty on policies paid by the Association.

Four-fifths, or 80 per cent., divided every five years, amongst all policy holders entitled to profits.

CHARLES HENRY MINCHIN, Secretary, Manchester.
WILLIAM JAMES STRICKLAND, Actuary and Secretary, London.

INVESTMENT OF CAPITAL AND SAVINGS.

HOUSEHOLDERS' LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY,

15 and 16, ADAM STREET, ADELPHI.

TRUSTEES.

The Right Hon. T. Milner Gibson, M.P. for Manchester.
John Wallbank Childers, Esq., Cantly, Doncaster.
William Bulkely Glasse, Esq., Q.C., Lincoln's Inn.
William Ashton, Esq., Horton House, Wraybury, Staines.
Charles Hulse, Esq., Hurst, Reading.
Richard Griffiths Welford, Esq., New-square, Lincoln's Inn.
F. D. Bullock Webster, Esq., 40, New Bond-street.

This Company is framed to meet the desire of those who seek, without speculation, safe and profitable investment for large or small sums, at a higher rate of interest than can be obtained from the public funds, and on as secure a basis.

The investment system, while it offers the greatest advantages to the public, affords to its members a perfect security, and a higher rate of interest than can be obtained elsewhere.

The capital of £250,000 is divided, for the convenience of investment and transfer, into £1 shares, of which 10s. only will be called.

The present rate of interest upon the paid-up capital is 5 per cent., which will continue to be paid until a higher rate can be judiciously declared.

Applications for investment are received between the hours of 10 and 4.

R. HODSON, Secretary.

SOUTH AUSTRALIAN BANKING COMPANY.

Incorporated by Royal Charter, 1847.

The Court of Directors grant Letters of Credit and Bills at 30 days' sight upon the Company's Bank, at Adelaide. The exchange on sums above £10, is now at a premium or charge of two per cent. Approved drafts on South Australia negotiated and bills collected.

Apply at the Company's Offices, No. 54, Old Broad Street, London.

WILLIAM PURDY, Manager.
London, August, 1853.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTIONS.

Just published, in One Volume, 8vo, price 5s. cloth,

PRIZE ESSAY on the HISTORY and MANAGEMENT of LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, and MECHANICS' INSTITUTIONS, especially how far they may be developed and combined so as to promote the Moral Well-being and Industry of the Country. By JAMES HOLE, Hon. Secretary of the Yorkshire Union of Mechanics' Institutes. Published under the sanction of the Society of Arts.

"The subjects discussed in this essay are of so much importance as bearing on the general questions of popular education, and of the diffusion of science and literature, that we shall probably recur to some of them; meanwhile calling attention to Mr. Hole's valuable publication."—*Literary Gazette*.

London: Longman, Brown, Green, and Longmans.

This Day, Post Octavo, 2s. 6d.,

THE FLOWER of a DAY. An Original Drama, in a Prologue and Three Acts. By DON FRANCISCO CAMPRODON. Translated from the Spanish, with a few Remarks on the Modern Drama of Spain, by WILLIAM BIDDULPH PARKER.

London: John W. Parker and Son, West Strand.

TO the HEADS of SCHOOLS and OTHERS.—HAMILTON'S MODERN INSTRUCTIONS for the PIANOFORTE. Fingered by Caerny. Forty-fourth Edition. Forty-eight large folio pages, 4s.

"It is sufficient to say that the present edition is the forty-fourth edition, to stamp it with the genuine mark of excellence. It really deserves all the popularity it enjoys."—*Sunday Times*.
"The veriest child may learn from Hamilton's book."—*Berwick Warder*.

"A complete grammar for the pianoforte student."—*Morning Advertiser*.

"This book is unapproachable."—*Dublin World*.
"A child might become proficient by attending to its instructions."—*North Wales Chronicle*.

London: Robert Cocks and Co., New Burlington-street; and of all Music-sellers and Booksellers.

Price 2s. 6d.

A LETTER SUGGESTING SOME MEANS of RELIEVING the BRITISH WEST INDIA COLONIES from their PRESENT DIFFICULTIES.

By M. JULES LECHEVALIER ST. ANDRE,

Commissioned by the French Government to visit the said Colonies in 1838 and '39, and Report upon the first Results of the Emancipation of the Slaves.

London: Pelham Richardson, 23, Cornhill.

Extract from a Leading Article in the *Times*, 10th April, 1843, reviewing the French Parliamentary Paper, entitled "Rapport sur les Questions Coloniales," &c. &c.:

"An agent of the French Government, M. Jules Lechevalier, was sent out nearly five years ago to the British West Indies, to observe on the spot the effects of emancipation.

"In addition to the results of his own inquiries, he has been employed since his return to Europe in the preparation of a digest of all the bulky evidence on the subject, which has been laid before Parliament. This work, which is now in course of publication, will extend to three folio volumes of the largest size, and it will contain the most complete history of the questions relating to the social and commercial welfare of the British Colonies which has ever been compiled.

"The evidence of a most industrious and very competent foreign observer is of great value, not only to the reputation of this country abroad, but to ourselves: and M. Lechevalier has executed his important task with the utmost fairness and ability."

SHAMEFUL TREATMENT of NATIVE PRINCES by our INDIAN GOVERNMENT. See BENTLEY'S MONTHLY REVIEW for August, price Sixpence. Contains also (among other articles) the following:—An Exposé of the Quack System, Review of the Stage, &c. &c.

London: John Bentley and Company, 15, Brownlow-street, Holborn, and all Booksellers.

REPEAL OF THE ADVERTISEMENT DUTY.—THE DAILY JOURNAL AND UNIVERSAL ADVERTISER. Price Twopence. Early in October will be commenced the Publication of a new London Morning Newspaper: a cheap medium for Advertisements for all classes.

For Prospectuses, &c., apply at No. 1, Angel-court, Strand. Advertisements inserted for Sixpence each in the Daily Journal.

8vo, 16 pp., price Twopence,

FIRESIDE POLITICS; or, Hints about Home. By FREDERIC ROWLAND YOUNG, Author of "Facts and Fancies," and "Policy and Straightforwardness."

London:

James Watson, 3, Queen's Head Passage, Paternoster Row.

LONDON NEWS and BOOK AGENCY.

G. J. HOLYOAKE and CO., 3, Queen's Head Passage, Paternoster Row. The difficulty experienced, more or less, in so many towns, especially in small towns, in procuring Works, Periodicals, and Newspapers, devoted to Political, Social, or Religious Progress, has induced Messrs. G. J. Holyoake and Co. to establish a News and Book Agency; and they already supply various Provincial Agents with every article of General Literature. Religious Works readily and punctually transmitted—the object of the Agency being to furnish new facilities for the Public reading both sides of the great Questions which agitate the age.

In executing parcels for the country Back Numbers are collected and enclosures attended to. Information solicited from districts which no parcels reach, or where the supply of Progressive Literature is impeded, limited, or uncertain. Not more than half the public who are inquiring and willing to buy Books, are reached by existing Agencies; and admirable Local Publications are everywhere appearing, and putting the few who are generous to great expense to support them—all might become extensively useful and self-supporting, if they were properly and generally circulated.

G. J. H. and Co.'s Agency, conducted on a Propagandist basis, seeks to remedy some of these deficiencies, and enable the Publications of Political, Social, and Religious Reformers of all opinions to reach sympathising readers in all districts.

Present Office—3, Queen's Head Passage, Paternoster Row, London.

Terms of Business and other information to be obtained from Frederic Rowland Young, Manager, at the above address. Agents for Bannome's and Sim's Copying Presses.

CORRECTED, AMENDED, AND ENLARGED FOR THE ENGLISH STUDENT.

This day is published, a New Edition, carefully Corrected and Revised, in 2 vols. 8vo, price 24s. cloth, of

FLÜGEL'S COMPLETE DICTIONARY

OF THE

GERMAN AND ENGLISH LANGUAGES:

Adapted to the English Student.

WITH GREAT ADDITIONS AND IMPROVEMENTS.

By C. A. FEILING,

German Master at the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, and the City of London School;

Dr. A. HEIMANN,

Professor of German at the London University College;

And JOHN OXENFORD, Esq.

It is very desirable that parties wishing to have this Work should be particular in specifying the NEW LONDON EDITION, as there are two other editions bearing the name of Flügel: the one more bulky and much dearer, the other smaller and somewhat cheaper, though both are greatly inferior in utility for the English student, having been compiled without English assistance, and for the use, especially, of German students. An explanatory description of the difference between the various editions will be found in the preface to the New London Edition, which may be had, gratis, in a separate form, by application to either of the Publishers.

Also, Just Published, New and Cheaper Edition,

AN ABRIDGMENT OF THE SAME,

FOR YOUNGER STUDENTS, TRAVELLERS, &c.

BY J. OXENFORD AND C. A. FEILING.

Royal 18mo, price 7s. 6d., strongly bound.

LONDON: WHITTAKER AND CO., DULAU AND CO., AND D. NUTT.

Now ready, bound in cloth, 8vo, price 10s. 6d.

ON

THE DECLINE OF LIFE IN HEALTH AND DISEASE.

Being an Attempt to Investigate the Causes of Longevity,

AND THE BEST MEANS OF ATTAINING A HEALTHY OLD AGE.

BY BARNARD VAN OVEN, M.D.,

FELLOW OF THE MEDICAL AND CHIRURGICAL SOCIETY, &c.

"Our author's doctrines are that there is probably no fixed limit to our existence, or that, if there is, few attain to it, or few really die of old age, (p. xiii.) The tables appended record that of 6201 individuals who exceeded 100 years of age, whilst 1519 attained 110, eleven advanced to 150 years of age. Dr. Van Oven believes (after making all allowances for error and exaggeration) his tables to justify a fair presumption that human life might endure much longer than it usually does, and to encourage the exertions of those who desire to promote healthy longevity."

The Lancet.

LONDON: JOHN CHURCHILL, PRINCES STREET, SOHO.

THE LADY'S NEWSPAPER

AND PICTORIAL TIMES,

Contains BEAUTIFUL ILLUSTRATIONS of the striking Incidents of the Day, Fashions, Fancy Needlework, &c. With Original Articles of interest—Reviews of New Books—The Opera—A Piquant Tea-Table Miscellany—Notices of Home and Foreign Watering-Places, Theatres, Music, Provincial Festivities, Archery Meetings, &c.—The Court—Upper Circles—and all the Home and Foreign News of the Week.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY, PRICE SIXPENCE.

OFFICE—294, STRAND. SOLD EVERYWHERE.

On the 18th inst. will be published,

TANGLEWOOD TALES.

By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE, Author of "THE SCARLET LETTER," &c.

London: Chapman and Hall, 193, Piccadilly.

Now ready, at all the Libraries, 7s. 6d. cloth,

THE OLD HOUSE BY THE RIVER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE OWL CREEK LETTERS."

London: Chapman and Hall, 193, Piccadilly.

Just published, handsomely bound in cloth, price 2s.

ROSCEO'S LIBRARY; or, Old Books and Old Times. By the Rev. JAMES ASPINALL, M.A., Rector of Althorpe, Lincolnshire; Author of "Sermons, Doctrinal and Practical," "Occasional Sermons," "Liverpool a few Years since," &c. &c.

Sold by Whittaker and Co., Ave Maria Lane; and all other Booksellers.

TO CONTINENTAL TOURISTS.

BOGUE'S GUIDES: the Cheapest and Best. Six Shillings each.

GUIDE to SWITZERLAND and SAVOY. With Map and Plates.

GUIDE to BELGIUM and the RHINE. With Map and Plates.

GUIDE to FRANCE. (Shortly.)

GUIDE to CONVERSATION; or, the TRAVELLER'S DICTIONARY. 4s., morocco, 5s. 6d.

David Bogue, Fleet Street.

Just published, price 2s. 6d.

THOUGHTS of a LAYMAN, on DEITY, DIVINITY, and the CHURCH. By EDMUND de PENTHENY O'KELLY.

London: John Chapman, 142, Strand.

LONDON: Printed by GEORGE HOOPER, (of No. 3, Northhead Terrace, Hammer-smith Road, in the County of Middlesex,) at the Office of MESSRS. SAVILL and EDWARDS, No. 4, Chandos Street, in the Parish of ST. PAUL, Covent Garden, in the same County; and Published by THOMAS LEIGH HUNT, (of No. 12, Bentinck Terrace, Regent's Park,) at THE LEADER OFFICE, No. 7, WELLINGTON STREET, STRAND, in the Precinct of the Savoy, both in the same County—SATURDAY, August 13, 1853.